

16th YEAR, NO. 2.

TORONTO, OCT. 14TH, 1899.

Anniversary Number

of the

Warcry

1882-1899

1899

OFFICERS 900.
LOCAL OFFICERS 2,700
INDOOR ATTEND-
ANCE. 450,000
PER WEEK

MEN'S
SHELTERS 12

RESCUE HOMES
11

TRAINING
GARRISON

LEAGUE
OF
MERCY

MATERNITY
HOME

KLONDIKE
CONTIN-
GENT

JUNIOR
WORK

CIRCULATION
WARCY

YOUNG
ADOLESCERS

41,500
WEEKLY

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Australasia

Revisited

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF COM- MISSIONER POLLARD.

(N. B.—The advantage of this serial story is that each chapter can be read as a whole by new as well as old readers, without referring to what has gone before.—ED.)

CHAPTER XI.

HUSTLER AND DIPLOMAT.

Back to Dunedin, Captain Pollard found that the toolscap brief had worked a transformation in the confidence of the paperhanger-Captain. Audiences were maintained, soul-saving showed no slackening, and moral sympathy and support were spreading.

After spending a Sunday with his comrades, Capt. Pollard fixed upon what was then a bold enterprise. He determined to reconnoitre Christchurch, pass on to Wellington, the capital of that colony, and thence thence he reached Auckland, and personally inspect the operations begun by Captain Wright in that city.

He did not spend much time in Christchurch, but he made the best of it, the minister the practical help of a Wesleyan minister whom he met on his passage to Melbourne. He called upon a saddler, through whom he learned that one of his horses in a box room was "serious in religious things." Pollard seemed prey. He almost tell upon him.

A triumph of Tea.

Tea has already played a refreshing and practical part in this war, and it may judge by the profits made at the Army Headquarters of the Army to day, it is destined to enlarge the scope of its usefulness. But this is passing. Over the teacups that night the prisoners of war, who were the alert for opportunity and means to further his cause, poured the red-hot lava of his ambitious spirit for the salvation of souls into the receptive soil of the young man's heart, as well as that of his wife.

Coolly putting his hand on his shoulder, Capt. Pollard said, in effect, "Want you?—God wants you—to leave this concern here, and open a second corps in Dunedin." Through the evening and during the night these words and what they signified gave the couple no rest. They either conveyed the voice of God or man, and what should they do? The answer is supplied in the gloomy fact that, within four weeks of the time Capt. Pollard, as the mouthpiece of the Spirit of God, called them to the war, this man and his wife were standing, in full uniform, on the platform of Dunedin II, with song book in their hands, not a tune of which they knew, but with souls on fire for souls. Capt. and Mrs. Graham, now bearing the rank of majors, with records behind them as soul-winners, have left their mark on the world-wide battlefield of the Salvation Army.

If his visit to Christchurch had only produced these officers, Capt. Pollard would have been repaid a thousand-fold, for Major and Mrs. Graham are not inappropriately called "the Dowdies of Australasia."

Theatre-Grabbing.

But this was not all. Pollard's hawk's eye fell on a theatre, for he seems to have had a perfect mania for enlisting the services of publicans and persons, and capturing temperance halls and theatres. The price, however, of the theatre at Christchurch was one that required some time to think over, and he resolved to wait until the return journey before commencing the Army to it; his enthusiasm was tempered with prudence.

Spending a few hours in Wellington, he began negotiations for premises there. On his arrival at Auckland, he found, to his joy, Capt. Wright on the crest of a mighty wave of spiritual influence. As in Dunedin, so in Auckland the Army had revolutionized the movement of the working classes to religion. The novelty of the Army

created a sensation; the sensation led to crowds attending its meetings, where scenes similar to those in Dunedin were of nightly and almost or hourly occurrence. Deep-dyed sinners, prodigals, imbibers, gamblers, and wife-beaters were swept into the Kingdom of Heaven. Well-off tradesmen and other citizens were led to the support of Capt. Wright, and the assets of their fortune the weight of his experience, far out of a dashing polier. The North joined hands with the South. They determined to seize every chance of opening towns, and even force the pace. Of course, Capt. Pollard was cheered and strengthened in his faith by this visit to his colleague in the North; so much so, in fact, that when he returned to Wellington—a twenty-four hour's journey—some of his early visions began to take concrete shape in his mind.

The success of Auckland settled, for instance, the theatre at Christchurch, and also made him compile his first telegram to the General.

A \$5 Investment.

History is silent as to how long the Captain occupied in wording the same, or as to how long the battle raged in his noble breast as to the morality of spending \$5 on a message of this character. We stand long on the brink before making our first plunge; it was a memorable, character-making event, this very same cablegram. Now

stood him in many an awkward corner since.

"I want your theatre for three years, with liberty to run services in it every night of the year."

"Every night?"

"But what have you got to put on the boards that will 'pan out' all that time?"

"For the moment that is my own property. You may rely on it, however, that I know what I am doing. I have a card that has not been known to fall. And I want you also to understand that I shall require the theatre for three or four services every Sunday."

"What! Jehosaphat—a show on Sunday?"

"Yes, a show on Sunday! Why not?"

The Yankee theatrical withdrew his Havana, whiffed the smoke, and measured Pollard at sweep. "Well, I guess it ain't my business; if you agree to it, I'll be bound to pay up, it's yours. But a show three or four times on Sunday, well—"

And the Yankee had the heartiest laugh of his life.

The Gaiety Theatre, Christchurch, well-known, popular, and capacious, thus passed into the hands of Capt. Pollard for three years at a yearly rental of £250. Simultaneously with the signing of the agreement, Pollard dashed another wire to Major Barker, Melbourne; the following:—

ASKELETON IN THE CUPBOARD

There's a skeleton in the cupboard,
Mister Bill;
I can see him peering out
Through the rags that hang about;
Yes, he's there, without a doubt,
Mister Bill.

There's a skeleton in the cupboard,
Mister Bill;
And it's causing heaps of strife,
Bringing sorrow to your wife,
Hunting, cursing your own life,
Mister Bill.

There's a skeleton in the cupboard,
Mister Bill;
All the children cry for bread,
Your home-coming they all dread,
And they wish that they were dead,
Mister Bill.

There's a skeleton in the cupboard,
Mister Bill;
All your furniture is sold,
After swallowing your gold—
See, it's left you in the cold,
Mister Bill.

There's a skeleton in the cupboard,
Mister Bill;
Landlord says you pay no rent,
To the workshop you'll be sent,
For on ousting you he's bent,
Mister Bill.

That he is in a position to look back on it, he proudly states that it was one of the best investments he ever made, and he has made a few. The cablegram read as follows:

"DUNEDIN, AUCKLAND, CHRIST-
CHURCH, CHRISTCHURCH SHREWTY.
REINFORCE SHARP!"

It is a long leap from New Zealand to London, but we may state here that the effect of this cable on the General was immediate. "Pollard must be supported," he said, and although the call from all quarters of Great Britain was to this effect, of this time as usual it could well be imagined, the Chief of the Staff, by means of Commissioner Ralton's writing pen, appointed Pollard for officers.

Jobshopping!

Pollard, ever confident, resumed his negotiations for the lease of the theatre (called the *gaiety*), which fell him with glee when passing through Christchurch. He soon found that, if he was to be successful, he should have to act wisely. The proprietor of the *Gaiety* was a godless, neither-care-for-God nor man American, and a hard bargains-driver. Pollard approached him, not as Captain, nor as a representative of the Salvation Army, and there he showed the first traits of that diplomacy that has

There's a skeleton in the cupboard,
Mister Bill;
Twas a sorry day for you
When you took that glass or two;
 Didn't think 'twould you undo,
Mister Bill.

There's a skeleton in the cupboard,
Mister Bill;
You must tyist thy neck somehow,
And you'd better do it now,
Or he'll be your death, I trow,
Mister Bill.

There's a skeleton in the cupboard,
Mister Bill;
Ask the Lord to give you power
Drunk to conquer just this hour,
O'er the skeleton to tower,
Mister Bill.

With no skeleton in the cupboard,
Mister Bill;
You can pay your way, you know;
Respected be where'er you go,
Wife and children happy grow,
Mister Bill.

Now, I've given you good advice,
Mister Bill;
And I hope you'll chuck him out
Neck and crop; completely ~~kick~~
Burton bare and Loaden don't,
Mister Bill.

Arthur W. Bovau, Capt.

"Dunedin and Auckland in full swing. Good prospects ready to be attacked. Captured Safety, Christchurch, for £250 per annum. Seed for latter best officer you can spare. We must strike while hot. The Flag for ever!"

The best day's work Capt. Pollard had done up to date, as we shall presently show.

(To be Continued.)

IMPORTANT!

HELP FOR ALL IN LEGAL DIFFICULTIES.

DO YOU WANT ADVICE CONCERNING:—

PARTNERSHIP AGREEMENTS &
JOINT STOCK COMPANIES &
PROPERTY DEEDS?
MORTGAGES?
INSURANCES, &
LEGACIES?

ARE YOU IN TROUBLE WITH YOUR

CREDITORS, OR
MORTGAGERS?

IF SO, the Commissioners is willing to place of your service the knowledge and experience of a com- pany of officers.

Address your letter (marked "Confidential"), to Major A. Gosselin, S. A. Temple, Albert St., Toronto, & small fee, to cover expenses, will be charged.

Short Sermons.

Strive to Improve.

Wherever you are in life, no matter how low your place is, it is a good place to sprout in, though it may not be a good place to grow or dwell in. Leave your root where God planted it, but mount up out of poverty, mount up out of bad companionship, mount up out of secular ways of life, and lift yourselves towards the light. Let outward nature teach you. Oh, how a root will engineer, and find the substance that it needs! How it will spread over the rock, and plough down into the precipice, and get in root after root! Even the blind root finds its way without reason, and by a mere instinct of appetite, under ground; and let it rubric you.

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Wrong Economy.

There is an economy in ignoring a loss, as well as economy by avoiding losses. It may not pay for a carpenter to pick up a nail he has let fall. Nails have been made so inexpensive that the time needed to pick one up may be worth more than the nail. Labor has not fallen in value, but has risen; it is the price of material that has risen. And yet people constantly run into this trap, even before the material is given away, to whose hands and strength upon household nations of secondary importance in an instance. Another is the congregation which tells its preacher wear on thin, and neat in the management of his business, for which he has no fitness. He will cut a block as well as a knife, but no one admires the man who puts a razor to such uses.

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The Subtle Growth of Sin.

Men do not become great villains at once. Some are not like meteoric bodies, that are blazing along the stars at one moment, and the next in some dark pit on the earth, wrapped in a noxious and snarling smoke. They are rather like trees, their tall by degrees. See that great monarch of the forest! For years disease has been in its roots, and a long succession of worms have been gnawing at its walls. Slowly and steadily the disease goes on. At first the outward symptoms are scarcely visible. A few withered leaves on one of the branches on a certain spring are first noticed by the old woodman. The next year a new shoot comes round, and not only withered leaves are seen, but perhaps a leafless branch or two. Thus, through many a long year the deterioration proceeds, until at last it is rotten to the core, and only awaits some slight breeze blowing in the right direction to strike it down. One morning a ~~soft~~ gust of air sweeps through the wood, the tree falls with a crash that shakes its neighbors, vibrates through the forest, and appalls the district with its boom.

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Wield Not to Temptation.

It is somewhere fabled in ancient literature that a certain stag and horse were at variance; they battled for some time, and ended with each other. At length the stronger of the two forced him, and he sought the help of a man. The man couples, gets on his back, and chases the stag to death. So far the noble steed overcame the difficulty of his position, and gained his point; but the very means he adopted placed him in a far worse position afterwards. With a bit in his mouth and a saddle on his back, he continued to the end of his days the slave of the man whose assistance he obtained; it is thus with those who seek to overcome a difficulty or avoid a danger, by resorting to immoral expedients. This also is often the case in business; a man contracts obligations, he finds that his credit, reputation and position are in danger unless they are fully met. The hour comes when these obligations heavily press upon him; he struggles honorably with them for a time. At length he gives way, and has resource to wife, falsehood, or some other vice. For the moment, he seems to have won, but in the hour becomes evident his fall. His uses fail, his credit is gone, his beast of burden, the saddle, the bit, the saddle

Collingwood

AND ITS CRUSADERS

COLLINGWOOD is a pretty situated town of about 6,000 inhabitants at the foot of the Blue Mountains, on the Southern side of that portion of the Georgian Bay called Nottawasaga Bay. It is the principal, or one of the principal ports on the Georgian Bay. The chief industry of the town lies in the direction of the lake, that is to say, fishing, sailing, ship-building, etc. Mostly every other man you meet on the streets can either handle a tiller, mend a net, or trim a sail. The line of boats that run into the port are second to none on the inland waters. They are fitted up with all the most modern conveniences for passengers, besides having a carrying capacity for freight of about 100 to 1,000 tons.

The fishing industry, although not carried on so extensively as it was formerly, is still a flourishing business, and some of the fishermen are owners of the best property and finest residences in the town. These men own small steam-boats, or rather they are termed tugs. They go up the lake and buy, or else have a gang of fishermen themselves, and bring the fish to the large storehouses of this port, where they pack the fish in ice and ship them from thence all over Canada and the United States.

Other Industries.

I want to here state that it is not an unusual thing to see an S. A. guerriere crop up among this class of people, and prominent among them we might mention Bro. W. Clark, the negot for the Wolverine Fish Co., of New York, at this time. God bless Billy, who has been a soldier of this corps for fifteen years. The readers of the War Cry must pardon me if I bring in another name here, and yet it is with much thought and care I mention Mother Clark, the Sergeant-Major of the corps. Her heart warms up when a think of the terrible odds she has faced for God and the S. A., & she attributes her victories all to her reliance on God's word and her firm belief in the power of prayer. Not a woman in the country has lived more on her knees than Mother. May she be long spared to God and the S. A. in this place.

Another of the industries of the town is the Collingwood M'nt Co., which manufactures (packs) pork of every kind. This institution employs 70 men, and very prominent among these we place the Secretary of the corps, J. Woodyard, who, since coming to this town, four years ago, has been a good soldier of Jesus Christ. Bro. W. Steel, who is preparing for the Field, also works in this establishment; but I suppose the Army will hear from him later when he has some higher degree attached to his name.

We might also mention that a lot of unsaved young men, who are a great financial support to the Army in this place, work in this establishment.

There are also two of the largest planing mills you can find anywhere in this town. They employ in the neighborhood of 50 men each, and do a very large shipping business up the lakes, some of the very finest work you can find anywhere in Canada being turned out and shipped up there by them.

I might also mention a very large tannery and large biscuit works that em-

ploy a large number of men the year round.

Collingwood is also noted for its good sidewalks, there being miles of granite walk in this town, and scarcely a street without a good cement sidewalk on it. The town also owns their own water works and electric light plants, and furnaces the heat at moderate rates.

I might here also mention some of Collingwood's well est. people, but I will confine myself to one or two of the business men. I suppose first, and foremost I must mention Lang Bros., some of, if not the wealthiest men of the town. They run a large D. partmental Store, and you can purchase anything, as the saying goes, from a needle to an anchor, in their place of business, and as cheaply as you can at Elton's, in Toronto. Stephens Bros. is another very wealthy department store, and I think as good as any in Canada. Teller Bros. also have a very large fine, wholesale grocers and confectioners; they do an exceedingly large business with the neighboring towns in their line. But I think I have said enough relative to business men and places in this town, and will wind up my account of Collingwood by saying we have the regulation number of clowns, usually found in towns of this size, and also the S. A., and any on visiting our town would find that they are not dead, but with their very prominent officers, Captain Wilson and Lieut. Liddiard, they are marching on to victory through the Blood of the Lamb.

The local corps.

Some fifteen years ago the S. A. opened fire on this town, and an order to town people called round to see what kind of people they were, but as the writer of old has expressed himself, "Those who came to scoff remained to pray." A great many congregated around and a very great many prisoners were taken. The question might again be asked, Did all stand true? We regret to say, No; but a great many have done so, and some of this class are valiant soldiers for God at the present moment. Some also have laid down their weapons here and taken up their pain or victory up yonder, where they now sing the songs of the redeemed in Glory, who have washed their robes and made them white in the Blood of the Lamb.

Some one might probably ask, Well, is the fight still raging? - We say, Yes. Hallelujah! And sometimes one would think that all the powers of earth and hell were congregated to disturb the equilibrium of God's chosen few. Yet in the name of the King we can march on to victory.

May I say a word in commendation of our gallant officers. More Godly, self-sacrificing officers never led a meeting; nor took charge of an Army corps, than the two just above mentioned. May th' God of peace ever lead them into broader and deeper depths of love.



Notes of Victory and Blessing Gathered from My Correspondence and Other Sources.

By MRS. READ.

I have often thought Mrs. Browning's little poem, "Sweetest Lives," describes the beautiful devotion of the warriors of the Cross—the Rescue Officers who toil so faithfully within the precincts of our Homes for the uplifting of sorrowful womanhood.

"The sweetest lives are those to duty wed."

Whose deeds, both great and small, Are close-knit strands of an unbroken chain;

Whose love ennobles all. The world may sound no trumpets, ring no bells; The Book of Life the shining record tells.

They love shall chant its own beatitudes,

After life own life working. A child's kiss

Set on thy singing lips shall make thee glad;

A poor one served by thee shall make

thee rich;

A sick one helped by thee shall make

thee strong;

Thou shalt be served thyself by every

service which thou renderest.

I have just paid a short visit to London. Have been delighted with the news of victory dear Staff-Capt. Cowan had to tell me. The Sunday previous to my visit, eight of the girls volunteered to give their hearts to Jesus. This splendid manifestation of the Spirit's presence is a direct answer to prayer, and we give God the glory for His saving power as it is continually manifested behind the scenes in our Rescue Homes. I conducted a meeting, and out of 16 present 13 girls professed to have found

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Adj. Holman, in a little note, says, "On the whole we are getting on well, and I am believing for greater victory. The Lord is good to us. We have 13 girls and 13 children. The girls are agreeable and willing to help one another. Several of them are converted and are getting along nicely."

Some of the little ones for whom we have secured Christian homes have been a real comfort and blessing. One foster parent writes: "I thought I would drop you a few lines to let you

know how the little girl is getting along. She is well and doing well, and growing fast. We like her better every day. My husband thinks there is no child like her. I am glad Jesus is helping us all. Did I tell you my husband gave his heart to Jesus, and is living for Him now? The little girl goes to church every Sunday I am able to go; if I do not go she goes with her papa."

We thank our friend who sent the following: "As the dear Lord has delivered me children of my own, I am enclosing \$5 towards helping the little motherless ones in your Home. I will send you more later on.—A friend."

I am quoting from a pathetic letter received recently from one of the dear girls, who has been an inmate of one of our Rescue Homes: "Dear Mrs. Read, I have been going to write you many times, etc. but I have not found time to do so. I would like to thank you for the many times of special help and blessing you have been to me. At the time I have left my life was not worth living. I never knew that I was one of the many Rescue Home cases. I thank God for the Rescue Home. Had there not been a place I might to-day have been completely in the gutter." As it was I had brought sadness and sorrow enough, not only to my own life, but my dear mother's heart. Not knowing where to send me for the time, in my shame and disgrace, a friend told me of the Army Home, where they willingly took me and did their best for me. I can never thank God enough for those ten long months I spent there. In one evening that God spoke peace to my soul, I shall never forget it, nor will I fail, by God's help, to not only speak out my thanks to Him, but by my life sinners shall know me.

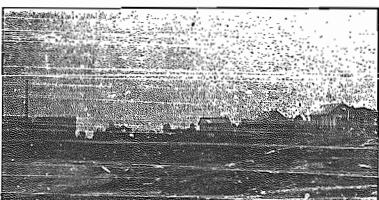
"While listening to you speak at the Rescue Anniversary of the many cases you knew of, it made me think of the past. It is two years ago this January since I got saved. Since then I have been at home part of the time, but am now in a good situation, getting \$2 a month. God is making me a blessing to many others, both in the Army and also to the people where I work. I am glad I can report victory in my own soul over sin and the devil. Two years of happiness and peace I would not give up for all the world and its pleasures. I never dreamed before that it could be so; but, thank God, I believe He is going to do greater things for me in the future."

I spent a few hours in the Hamilton Home recently, and was delighted with the aspect of everything. The girls seemed bright and happy, and joined heartily in the service I had the privilege of leading.

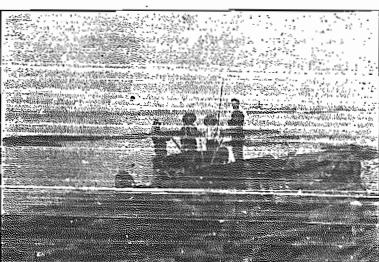
BARRIE.—Good time at the fare-well of Adj. Cameron, last Saturday, Sunday and Monday. It was your humble servant's privilege to be there as a spectator. Sunday was very wet and unpleasant, but with it good crowds came out to say farewell to their faithful officer, who for some eight months has taught a good sight in Barrie. His different talks to the people were very sincere and impressive. On Monday was the climax. The J.S. Jubilee, managed and got up by Sec. Lane, was beautiful. Took like hot cakes. The children's songs, drills, etc. were very interesting and creditable to the secretary, who spent much time in preparing it. We had some beautiful musical selections, but the most interesting feature of all was by Capt. Lewis, entitled "Only a Tramp." The Captain was dressed suitable for the occasion and made it very attractive. Some ten dollars were taken at the door, and a general good time was had. Capt. Lewis farewells in two weeks.—W. G. W.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

The September number of the All the World, Deliverer, Musical Salvationist, Officer, and Local Officer were lost in the S. S. Scotsman off the Newfoundland coast. Will subscribers please patiently wait till a new segment arrives?

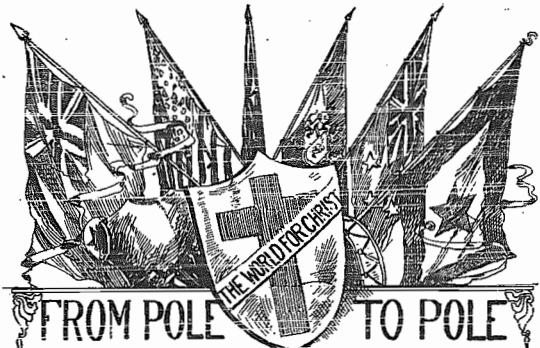


Honora Village, Outpost of Little Current Corps.



Main Street, Barrie, Ont.

River Drivers, Georgian Bay.



THE BRITISH ISLES.

The General led some tremendous meetings in the Empire Theatre, Bristol, and saw 130 souls at the Cross.

XXXXXX

On the Clapton Harvest Festival Sunday, the collections for the day amounted to \$640.00. 30 souls were saved.

XXXXXX

Colonels Rothwell, Eadie and Hodder, Lieut.-Colonel Lindsay and Brigadiers Rees and Jefferies are under farewell orders.

XXXXXX

The Chief of the Staff, on a recent Tuesday, gave the Cadets now in training four addresses, and it was a day of deep realization of Divine things, inspiration and encouragement. This is the verdict of the Training Home Staff. The Chief himself was very much strengthened in his hopes for the future by the spirit and zeal of the Cadets.

UNITED STATES.

The Commander's Half-Night of Prayer at New York was crowned with success. Twenty-one publicly consecrated themselves.

XXXXXX

Much satisfaction is expressed by the Press of Philadelphia over the favorable decision handed down by Judge McCarran, on the recent persecution of the Army officers and soldiers.

XXXXXX

Brigadier Addie, Major Dublin, Major Ludgate and Staff-Capt. T. H. Adams, Potter, McDowell and Anderson are farewelling.

XXXXXX

It is expected that more Cadets will enter the Training Homes in Chicago next session from the North-West than has entered any session up to date.

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The following clipping was taken from a Rockford, Ill., daily paper: "The local Salvation Army was highly complimented last night by a visitor in the city, stopping at one of the hotels. As the organization passed the house, drums and horns playing, members walking with strong cadence and in perfect alignment, the stranger said: 'Well, if there is not about the best Salvation Army I have ever seen! I will watch them march like veterans of the Civil War.' Good lines! perfect step and vinegar ad through the line. Their music is tip-top, out that snare drummer wants to march on the right side, instead of the left. Bass drum belongs to the left-hand side of a parade. That boy will make a drummer some day—and he's left-handed at that. The singing and music is good—very good, and watch them march. Never saw anything like it before. Bet the leader is a New Yorker. It's the best turnout I ever saw of the kind, sure. Just like regulars! Other hours he believed as did the stranger, for the column last evening was exceptionally good."

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Major B. B. Cox is going to England for furlough.

SOUTH AFRICA.

The Annual Rescue Report is now in circulation. It contains much valuable information of work in South Africa during the past year.

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The Chief Secretary and Mrs. Brigadier Maldman have left Cape Town for their Special Appeal tour at Soweto, Montagu and Robertson. Reports from the two latter places are encouraging.

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Brigadier Rauch is arranging for a Social meeting to be held at the Wesleyan Church, Simon's Town. The

where six years ago they could secure only two. They have also accomplished much that is praiseworthy in the Social field; they conduct in the city one Children's Home, one Maternity Hospital, and their district nursing from the seven Samaritan stations has met with great success.

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An excellent singing Brigade has been organized in Berlin, which boasts of some good instrumentalists, among them predominate the violin and guitar. They are meeting with tremendous success.

JAPAN.

Major Duce, in a letter to L. H. Q., speaks of the burning of the Yokohama barracks thus:

"Last Sunday night I was in a little place four miles from Yokohama putting in a bit of rest. About 9 o'clock there was an alarm of fire, and I saw from the widow the reflection of what appeared to be a large house on fire close at hand. I ran out just as I was, with only a kimono on, and, without hat, jumping into my gets (wooden shoes). I ran up the hill, and on and on till I came to Yokohama. There I saw a tremendous fire in full blaze, a fire that eventually destroyed 3,200 dwelling-houses (or over 16,000 structures, including store-houses, etc.), and caused the death of quite a number of people.

"Three-parts of the most thickly-peopled districts in Yokohama was completely burned out, including the celebrated Theatre Street, one of the sights of Yokohama. Altogether, this is the largest fire that Yokohama has ever

sharpened long knives. The first was to be the instrument of a suicide, the two others were to accomplish a vengeance.

BELGIUM and HOLLAND.

The Marechale has conducted a series of special meetings in Arnhem, Zutendaal and Hierlem. Everywhere attentive crowds eagerly listened to her.

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At Wusnes (Belgium), a village of the mining district, Commissioner Booth-Chilborn led a large open-air meeting. Great crowds attended, and a great many at the close of the meeting were kneeling at the penitent form.

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Baron Van Heemstra gave the Marechale permission to hold an open-air meeting in the beautiful part of Buitenzijp. The Baroness was delighted to entertain the Marechale, whose Dutch songs produced a powerful impression during the meeting.

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Captain Cornell died after a long and painful illness. The funeral service made a strong impression all over the country, and a great crowd of people attended. Commissioner Booth-Chilborn, Colonel Brewer, of the U. S. Headquarters, and the old veteran, Major Schoch, were at the funeral.

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Colonel Brewer was warmly and enthusiastically welcomed in Rotterdam, where he was accompanied by Commissioner Booth-Chilborn.

Port Simpson's Dispatch to the General.

(From the latest English War Cry.)

Dear, beloved General,—I have been requested by the two Chiefs and the Indians of the Zimshans tribe who belong to the Salvation Army, to send you thanks for sending their officers to help and bless them. They have been praying for years for you to send officers, and their joy is full now that we have arrived.

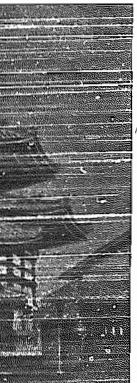
They have suffered lots of persecution and opposition at the hands of those who should have known better, but, like true warriors, they have patiently endured, and have gone on doing their best to get those of their tribe converted, and I notice that it is spreading among others too.

During this last week the Indians have been returning from the fishing grounds, and this is a centre point for them to collect before going to their different villages. Being in Hudson Bay port they come to get their supplies, and we have had a good chance in having them in our meetings. There have been converts, which is cheering for a start, as we only got here on the 8th instant. They have got a good barracks of their own, twenty-six by forty-five feet, lumber, and plastered inside, lots of good motives on the wall, with a life-size photo of yourself at one end. It is a real typical Salvation Army barracks, and a real credit to the Indians.

The Government agent speaks very highly of them, and says that the young men who gave them trouble have been converted and are doing well. This is a great testimony to the good work which has been done by them. They are first-rate singers and testify and pray second to none. They have a brass band, but most of the bandmen are fishing on the Fraser River, and are not home yet. We had them in Vancouver on Sunday, July 22nd, when Colonel Jacobs was there.

Ensign Thorkildson is with me. He was once a marine in the Danish Navy and his knowledge of seamanship will be useful, as our travelling will be by water. We send our love to you. You can depend upon us being true to the principles of the Army. You will know the writer as the one who looked after your cabin in Winnipeg, Manitoba, last year. God bless you richly.

Yours very affectionately,
(Signed) Robert Smith, Adj't.



HEPTAGONAL TEMPLE, KYOTO, JAPAN.

minister of the church has promised his hearty co-operation.

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The Cape Argus, in a recent leader on the Labor Question, remarks that large numbers of men are sent daily to the Salvation Army Metropole for shelter and meals, and adds: "But for the Salvation Army the position would be far worse than it is."

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A correspondent in the Diamond Fields Free Press suggests, as a counterblast to the cables daily appearing in the Jingo Press, the insertion of the following: "London, 18th August, 5 a.m.—Five thousand Salvationists, with fifty drums, fifty tambourines and one hundred and fifty concertinas are ready to embark at a moment's notice. This, it is believed, will obviate the necessity of sending the troops."

GERMANY.

Many letters of appreciation and substantial donations have been received by Commissioner McKie regarding his scheme to fit up a Metro-pole for single girls—a sort of cheap, clean home for respectable working girls.

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The Berlin "Morgenpost" writes: "To-day the Salvation Army in Berlin has twenty-two balls at its disposal,

known, and will mean a tremendous loss to the insurance companies. We also share in the loss, as one of our barracks was completely destroyed early in the fire. Fortunately the Captain and his wife and their two young children were away resting, so that they escaped bodily harm; but they have lost most of their things.

The same night there was an even larger fire at another large city in Japan called Poyama. This fire lasted ten hours, burned up forty-nine streets, including 8,000 houses, and left three-tenths of the city standing.

"Japan is not without its dangers, typhoons, earthquakes and volcanic eruptions."

FRANCE

Commissioner Booth-Hellberg, who injured his right foot some months ago, is not yet quite well. He has been obliged to go to England to follow a special treatment for a few weeks.

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Commissioner Lucy Booth-Hellberg has organized a special singing brigade with which she visits the different corps of Paris.

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Blessed and practical work of the Army—in one week, in two of our halls in Paris, were deposited on the penitent form a revolver and two well-

Religion lays not an icy hand on the true joys of life.



SWORD AND SHIELD

FRIDAY.

The Sorrow of a Good Man Sows the Seed of His Success.—Gen. xiii. 26.

Jacob felt a forlorn man when his favorite sons were taken from him. Yet bad they not left his side his whole family would have perished in the famine which was coming. Let us not be impatient under grief, which may be working out God's most merciful plans for us and ours.

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SATURDAY.

Life's Hindrances Sometimes Bring us to Christ.—Matt. xv. 24.

That stormy night on the lake was a mystery of the disciples. It looked as much a hindrance as a danger; yet had it not been for that gale the Sacred Figure upon the waves would never have met them. So with the storms of our life—untoward circumstances are often the means to keep us away from the fulfillment of earthly desires, but they lead us to the fear-dispelling word of the Master, "It is I."

Weekly Watchword:

The Sacred Service of Sorrow.

DAILY TONIC.

SUNDAY.

God's Rod a Reason for Rejoicing.—Job v. 17.

To be corrected by God is better than to be praised by man. Although, as the Apostle reminds us, "No chastening for the time being seemeth pleasant," punishment patiently borne is a sure path to peace. Affliction is very often the sign of God's favor and not the manifestation of His displeasure.

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MONDAY.

In the Valley of His Chastening.—Jonah ii. 4.

Such times come to all God's children, and they are hard to flesh and blood. The sunshine is so much sweet than the darkness, and it is so infinitely easier to find His providence in pleasant things than in painful; yet clouds to peer through and waters to wade through, if they be according to His will, and not the outcome of our own wilfulness, will lead far more than they will would.

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TUESDAY.

Trouble Forces the Soul upon God.—Psalm ix. 2.

Sorrow is necessary to the soul, because it teaches us our need of Divine support and help. Hundreds have been awakened to a craving after heavenly satisfaction by a failure in earthly joys. The saint who knows most of the sweetness of God's presence and the power of His hand, is frequently the saint who has suffered most.

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WEDNESDAY.

Misfortune is Often the Hand of Blessing.—Luke v. 5.

The fisherman's sole means of livelihood seemed suddenly to fail. Beggary, starvation stared them in the face. Yet had they not been reduced to this extremity, they would never have seen the miracle of plenty which the Master's pity for them performed. It is very often at the end of our resources we come upon God's supplies.

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THURSDAY.

God's Hand Most Plainly Felt and Seen in the Griefs of the Righteous.—Isaiah ii. 10.

If only for the sake of the example to the world, the Christian should rejoice in his crosses. The still way of peace which God's hand prepares in the midst of the righteous' woes is a wonder to the worldling and the most wonderful inducement to faith in the promised presence of Jehovah.



THE TWELVE DISCIPLES CHOSEN.

Mark iii. 6-10.

Jesus was both popular and in danger when He called together His first disciples.

The fame of His wondrous miracles and powerful, direct preaching attracted huge crowds, who travelled long distances to see and hear the Master. Many of those who came were further convinced by the healing exercised on their behalf, or on that of their friends; others were lured by the simple, yet Divine, beauty of the truths He taught, and all were more or less impressed.

Yet, at the same time, an element of danger was making itself more markedly felt in the surroundings of the Master. Already those old hypocrites, the Pharisees, had detected how strongly His uncompromising arguments held against their white-washed profession, and they had set about defending their own unrighteousness by assailing His purity. The Pharisees stirred up the Herodians, another unscrupulous sect, who, acting as persistent spies, sought continual opportunity for getting the Lord to commit Himself in the eyes of the Jewish law. Even thus early these men's murderous hearts had planned His destruction.

It was to the glories, privations and perils of such a life as His that Christ called and consecrated His twelve disciples. They would understand and except that while they shared the repose of the Great Teacher Who ennobled their own characters in the minds of others, with equal certainty they would participate in the dangers which dogged His sacred footsteps.

In the narrative little more than the names of the twelve are given, but from other references we find one or two facts which are of the utmost importance and interest to us as the long-continued and interest to us as the long-continued followers of the Master.

They were nearly all poor men. They belonged with about two exceptions, to the lower-earning class. They were accustomed to hard toil, to some extent, and to next to no luxuries. But the Gospel which Christ brought to the world is preached as effectively by a fisherman as by a financial king. Sincerity and not society gives the entire into His troops.

They were more than poor, they were ignorant. In several places we are struck with the lack of understanding they showed. Very little earthly knowledge had fallen to their share, and they seemed exceptionally slow to take in the designs of their Leader. Yet with infinite patience and love the Saviour bore with their slowness and short-comings, and taught and trained them. This should encourage all who feel themselves dull students of His grace, to submit themselves to His will.

But they were whole-heartedly given up to the cause of their Lord, and they loved Him with all their heart. This made up for all other deficiencies and was the great essential. It is so.



THE CALLING OF ST. MATTHEW.

THE FINDING OF THE LOST.

There is one Department of the Salvation Army the world over which is little known, and yet innumerable parents, husbands, children, brothers and sisters have been made happy by its labors; we refer to the Inquiry Department, which has branches in nearly all civilized countries. The Canadian branch is in charge of Mrs. Major Smeaton.

We do not desire to tire our readers with a row of figures, but an extract from a leading Chicago newspaper will doubtless prove very interesting reading, and will increase the practical interest taken in this branch of the S. A. work by soldiers and friends. We take this opportunity to ask our readers for a regular perusal of the Missing Column which appears weekly in our pages.



Mrs. Major Smeaton.

The Chicago Times-Herald writes as follows:

"The Salvation Army finds missing sons, daughters, wives, husbands, brothers, and mothers every year to the number of many thousands, and uses its offices to restore them to the homes from which they have wandered. What detective agency there is in the world which can truthfully say to its patrons, 'We have trained men, willing workers, in seven thousand cities, towns, and villages in the world?' In the finding of the lost ones the Salvation Army is, to all intents and purposes, an army of detectives, and its members are to be found in almost every place of prominence in the civilized world. Any person who has lost a friend or a relative may use this agency for his detection free of course, the fee that has been remunerated through the restoration being in the Salvationists' minds, recompence enough for any trouble or expense.

"Romance by the score have been stirred to the light by those of the Army whose special work it is to look after this human lost-and-found department. The main Headquarters for the United States are in the East, but every Salvation post in the world is an agency. Major Alexander M. Damon looks after such matters in Chicago. Some of the experiences which he and his helpers have had are interesting to a degree. Six weeks ago a stranger, whose card, dropped upon Major Damon's desk, showed that he was a man of large business concerns in Boston, sank into a chair at the Salvationist's elbow, and said abruptly, 'I want you to find someone for me.'

"I am willing to do what I can always. Tell me about it," was the reply.

"Well, six months ago I had in my employ a young man named Ophir Nelson. He was a fatidical, willing fellow, and during the year he worked for me I had no fault whatever to find in him. One day he disappeared mysteriously; none of his friends knew where he was gone; none could give any reason for his leaving. I took enough interest in him to employ a detective to look him up. He found no trace. Nelson had done nothing which should have caused him to disappear, being absolutely honest in his business and kind, and, for us, had always been in all his other relations in life as well. Mrs. Nelson has been left a legacy of \$30,000 under the supposition of a distant relative, and to complete matters further, he has been

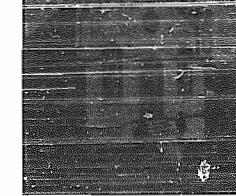
named as the executor of the estate, and the other heirs can get nothing until he has been turned up or proved dead."

"I was obliged to come to Chicago on business, and here I first learned of the lost-and-found work of the Salvation Army. Please see what you can do in the matter."

"The call of the Boston man on Major Damon was made six weeks ago. The machinery of the Chicago office and of the other offices was put in motion, and last week Charles Nelson, found by the red-jerseyed detective, paid through Chicago to claim his eastern inheritance. Singularly enough, this man of a 'mysterious disappearance case' was found working on one of the Salvation Army's Colorado Colony Farms.

Major Damon, of the Chicago Headquarters, shortly before coming here, found a man in Massachusetts, and restored him to his friends twelve thousand miles away. This was a case of a seafarer that extended, taking into account the return of the world. Major Damon was simply the last link in this 'lost-and-found' chain, for he was stationed near the place where the missing one has been located.

"An anxious Australian mother, and other relatives, wished to find her son who had wandered she knew not whither, but who carried with him wherever he went a burden of mother-love. The Australian Salvationists did what they could, and finally discovered that the lad had gone to New Zealand. Army Headquarters, after a protracted bit of detective work, found out that the boy had taken passage long before for the United States. The Army did not let distance appal it, and that son of a widowed mother was traced down by town through the States to Gloucester (Mass.). The nearest Army Headquarters to Gloucester are those at Ipswich, where Major Damon was staying. Salvation Army members in the big fisherman town were communicated with, and through their efforts the boy, who was headless, was



S. A. Barracks, Fairville, N.B.

of the title. This has its advantages too, obviating the necessity of a dry dock for repairs.

H. F. week-end was spent in this place. Capt. Mutart, and his whole-hearted band of Junior and Senior workers had the barracks, which was filled at almost every meeting, tastefully decorated. Three soups sought solvation, and one the blessing of a clean heart. H. F. target smacked.

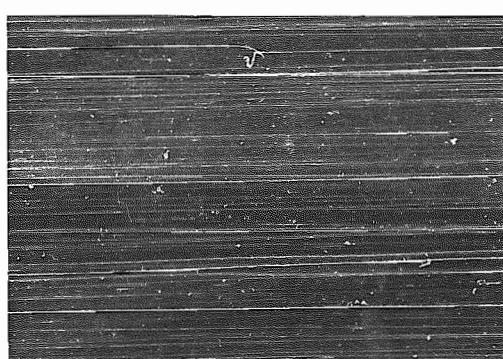
ANNA POLK—The old corps of Mrs. Taylor's, and many old comrades were glad to see her again.

The splendid turnout of young people in the open-air and on the platform was an inspiration. The barracks has been newly painted, and is a credit to the place. H. F. splendid success. Target broken, and buried by one-fourth.

No doubt Ensign Elsary and Capt. Clark, who are being appointed to take command here, will reap a harvest of souls.

YARMOUTH. Ensign Parsons met us, smiling over the success of his H. F. sale the previous night. A great crowd listened in the open-air, and a powerful meeting followed. The H. F. target has since been hit, the beautiful sum of \$130 being raised, and the Juniors have the honor of doing a splendid stroke towards it.

FREEPOR T was visited on the return trip from Yarmouth. Many of the soldiers were away on vessels fishing, nevertheless, a good meeting was



held in the newly-renovated barracks, which, with its new chairs, etc., reflects much credit on the officers and soldiers.—L. E. T.

Major Pickering Visits Yarmouth and Bear River

"Struck by lightning, and what cause of it."

"The cause of a rainy day."

"The witness box."

"A suicide's confession."

These are some of the subjects announced on hand-bills giving the program of Major Pickering's week-end meetings at Yarmouth recently, and anyone who has heard the Major on the platform will know without being told that these subjects in his hands meant an out-of-the-ordinary Bill of fare for those privileged to be present.

The Major arrived on Saturday night, and the platform was a good start for the campaign. The knee-drill was good, and at 11 a.m. they saw "The two sides of a picture." Result, three seekers.



S. A. Barracks, Annapolis, N.S.

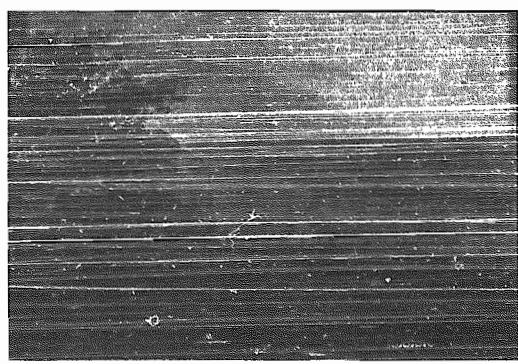
The afternoon meeting was unique and interesting. The "Witness box" idea was carried out, soldiers being questioned as to their salvation, etc. This was followed by a soldiers' meeting, which, like the evening meeting of night, was simply indescribable. Hearts were melted by the Divine Spirit, and people wept all over the place. The campaign closed at 10 p.m., with a time of refreshing over five souls at the Cross.

On Monday night the P. O. paid his first visit to BEAR RIVER. A band of soldiers came from Annapolis, and smothered from Digby. The open-air was good, and the town was stirred.

The service was well presented, a splendid sight, and the welcome given the Major most enthusiastic. The Chancery, who had visited this corps the Sunday previous, introduced the Major, and referred to the extent and responsibility of his command, and then called upon the Rev. Mr. Johnston (Methodist), who spoke in a very warm-hearted manner, saying how pleased the townspeople were to have the Major in their midst.

The Major then followed with a stirring address and Bible reading, and the meeting closed with one young man seeking Christ.

The more a man denies himself, the more will he receive from heaven.



Bear River, N.S., Scenery.

GAZETTE.

Promotions.—

Cadet Wiseman, St. Johns Garrison, to be Lieutenant at Birv's Island.
Cadet Martha Langford, of Harbor Grace Training Garrison, to be Lieutenant in the East Ontario Province.

Marriage:

Capt. P. W. Dowell, who came out of Little Bay, Nfld., to Capt. M. J. Clark, who came out of Clark's Harbor, Nfld., at London, on Sept. 28th, 1890, by Major Southall.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,
Field Commissioner.



Our Ebenezer.

Seventeen years ago the Salvation Army in Canada was only known by two lads, "Jack" Addie and "Joe" Ludgate, as they were then called—now they have handles to their names, and are known as Brigadier Addie and Major Ludgate. When these two solitary Salvationists held their first open-air, they little imagined of what a vast organization they were sowing the seed. Subsequent results have proved that much of the seed fell in good ground, and we have to-day corps and officers from Newfoundland and the Bermudas to Dawson City and Victoria, B. C., with many Salvation Lighthouses for the Social salvation of humanity's wrecks.

Our front page shows the "Now-and-Then" of the Salvation Army, and in the article, "Looking Backward," on this page, we have given a very brief review of our present standing. While we have much reason to congratulate ourselves upon the substantial victories of the past, we especially recognize, with deep and loving gratitude, the excellent and untiring service which our past Commissioners have given to the cause in this Territory, especially that of the Commandant and the Field Commissioner, Miss Booth, our present honored and beloved leader. The Commandant has developed the brain, and Miss Booth is developing the heart of the Salvation Army, to put it in a few words, and so we are going on to perfection. Our critics are occasionally reminding us that we have a few faults yet, to which we are not blind, but we are not unobservant of the actual work which God has been pleased to accomplish through us, and while we in all humility realize that God is honoring our endeavors to persuade a rebellious world to see for His peace, we feel that the best way of improvement comes with practice. We become better fighters just as we continue the practice of fighting; we become wiser in the things of eternity just as we continue to tell others of it; we become greater lovers of the poor and wretched as we continue to love them. Therefore, we raise our Ebenezer at this Seventeenth Anniversary, and give glory to God Who has helped us so far. After baying looked back upon the past seventeen years we set our face toward the future with a determination to let the dawn of the next century see even greater things accomplished for His Kingdom.

A SALVATIONIST INTERPRETATION

UNDER this title it has pleased some to imagine themselves retrospecting one hundred years hence, by which date the present-day germs of science, invention and discovery will have evolved into that world of convenience and culture which their creators prophecy. And so, even from their actual chroniclers of the future will indeed have busy and brilliant work in adding up the annals of the present past. But the Salvation Army makes history quickly; into its little more than three decades are crowded the happenings of quite double that time, and a look backward over the years till the vision narrows down to its obscure birthplace on Mile End Waste convinces that its longevity is better reckoned by the enormity of its present influence than by the actual age of its institution.

Glorious as is the prospect of the future, there is no need to rush there to discover our inspiration—a glance at the blessing-filled past fills the heart with gratitude for the miracles which God hath wrought through our Flag, and fires the spirit with courage for the wonders, which, by His grace, that emblem of love, zeal and cleansing is yet to accomplish in His world.

THEN AND NOW.

Seventeen years since the Salvation Army was known only by hearsay in this Territory—its rock principles and aggressive methods were no more than names little understood or approved of. To-day it would be hard to find a centre of life, from the teeming city to the lonely log camp, where the Army's aim, the Army's work, and the Army's people are not recognized, and to a great extent, approved.

Seventeen years since the small seedling of the Salvation plant was dropped into Ontario soil by two mere boys, on London Market-place. To-day God has so multiplied that humble beginning that its increases serve some in every Canadian Province, in the Island of Newfoundland, in America's Northwestern States, and stretches out into lonely Alaska.

Veterans, who have seen the fight from the first, who have pulled through its hardness and glories in the victory, tell an inspiring tale of the intervening years. For our purpose, however, that of representing the Army's present position in our midst, we shall clinch a quicker and more complete sketching if we analyze some of the most up-to-date statistics, remembering that if we submit them to a seventeen-year comparison, they are all net increase.

CAPS OFF TO THE COMMISSIONER.

The more than three years of our beloved Field Commissioner's command have been characterized by some of the most rapid and signal advances in the Territory's history. Our leader has stamped her own intrepid individuality upon her people and the prospects of the war; she has championed new claims, and furthered our organized and call for extensive work; she has shown a bold will and aid of a widening circle of sympathetic public by word, work, and pen, and she has called forth a devotion in every warrior's heart which pledges itself to follow her most daring plans to their most triumphant conclusion. God bless the Commissioner! During this year she has untiringly spent and been spent in the fight. Although sometimes struggling against much physical inability, she has put in an unusually long list of public appointments and personally conducted several examinations by mail, road and undertaken a flying visit to England to represent the Teritory's interests at International Headquarters. As a visible result, our leader has seen the salvation of some hundreds of souls, and the all-round advance of the claims which lie nearest to her heart, and we may add, to ours.

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.

The Inspiration of the Commission-

er's example has been caught by every Provincial Officer, the D. O.'s have distinguished themselves by desperate endeavors; indeed, the united forces of Staff and Field have never spent a year more marked by unselfishness, devotion and toil, in all of which the rank and file have wholeheartedly joined.

THREE GREAT EFFORTS.

Since last October the Territory has had to the summons of three great efforts, two of which have had direct bearing upon finance, and one organized solely for spiritual ends.

Self-Denial stands first in order. Self-sacrifice, evidenced in gift and toll, has apparently not lost its attractions for the soldiers of the Flag, for last year's effort realized \$20,785.70.

Harvest Festival, the second great financial focus of the year is dated too late in the year for us to give the latest figures. However, a last year's total, not included in the Officer's report for the same reason, we may include the previous result, which was \$15,253. Judging by the increased intensity and effort expended upon the present Harvest Festival, we may safely conjecture that this year's expression of the Territory's thanksgiving for eclipses the former.

The Siege has for the third time justified its institution. It is spoken of by Field authorities as "the in-

sisters of the Women's Social over wide fields of need. While maintaining every inch of their beneficial work, they have spread their wings over several new fields, which, although we have not space to tabulate in the briefest form, have already histories of blessing far greater than their age. The opening of the Maternity Hospital at St. John, N. B., is one of the principal events of the recent year. The benevolent work of this institution, under the matronship of an officer who is also a certificated nurse, has more than proved the need which it met. The Working Women's Home in Montreal was attended with some initial difficulties, but has thus early made for itself a name of blessing in that city. As one instance of the results according from this new Home, we may quote the following from a letter recently received by the Women's Social Secretary:

"Dear Madam—I give you a few lines in regard to the S. A. Home at 11 St. Monique St., Montreal. My mother

Leaving
Others

Territory.

Lieut.-Col. Matassa,
Territorial Secretary.

Brigadier G.
General Secy.

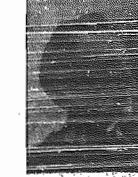
Brigadier Pugmire,
Men's Social Work.



Brigadier Howell,
Pacific Province.



Major McMillan,
North-West Province.



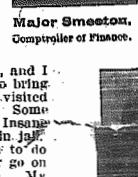
Major Southall,
West Ontario Province.



Colonel Cobb,
Chief Commissioner.



Brigadier Mrs. Read,
Women's Social Secretary.



Major Smeeton,
Comptroller of Finance.

Major Smeeton,
Comptroller of Finance.

was a wreck of the worst kind, and I had been trying for six years to bring her to her proper senses. I visited several ministers in Montreal. Some suggested putting her in the Insane Asylum, others said, "Put her in England." I could not find heart enough to do either, yet how could I let her go on sinning and disgracing me? My thoughts were everywhere but at my business. I could not sleep, and I worried myself to almost nothing.

"Since my father's death, seven years ago, my mother took to drink. Three years ago my own brother died through neglect. My mother aged fifteen years in appearance in six years, and I could not remain in Montreal on account of having so much trouble. I got her taken to the S. A. Home, but she relapsed only one night. She went to a bordello; how and her behavior in the bawdy house was unbearable. She thought on nothing but liquor. Then again I took her to your home, this time with the great success. My mother is now a changed character. Your Home deserves great praise. It is a blessing to the count-

to have such an institution for people who have fallen in sin. It has made me a happy man and saved my mother from disgrace."

An off-shoot of the work in St. John is the opening of a small hall in the very worst locality of the city, where meetings are conducted by Rescue Officers and others, and cases recruited for the Home. Although not actually opened, the Butte Rescue Home is, properly speaking, one of this year's accomplishments, all arrangements having been made, officers appointed, and next Nov. fixed for the Home's opening. The Toronto Children's Shelter has also been the subject of a scheme of advance. They are proceeding a flight from their present abode to the old Richmond St. barracks, which has been so altered and almost rebuilt to make a cheerful and commodious Children's Home.

The Red Cross of the League of Mercy has been the signal of hope beside hundreds of hospital cots and prison cells. The work has been organized in Peterboro, Brantford, and

been held in the various Shelters, and 69 people have professed conversion.

Amongst the advances of the year must be mentioned the renovating of the Shelters at Hamilton, Toronto, Victoria, Vancouver, Halifax and Dawson City, each of which are now more bright with new paint and many improved by extensive alterations. The last-named Shelter demands a special word, for our Social work at the Klondike is doing well. For a recent month the returns were 161 beds and 712 meals supplied. Vancouver wood-yard is also doing specially good work in supplying employment to the needy. An average week's income for this was \$185, and we are not surprised to learn that the wood-sheds are to be enlarged.

The separation of the Men's Social into a Department of itself is, of course, theadvantage of the year to the Shelter world, and promises already great things. We notice that the Social Secretary issues a monthly paper to his officers, entitled Social News, edited by one Reformer.

NEW ROOFTREES.

Matters of satisfaction to many corps this anniversary will be the better dwellings in which October finds them. The following new and improved properties have been obtained during the year: Lady Bank (a donation to the work), Windsor, Nelson, Rossland, and St. John's, the old barracks of the latter being now altered into a large Army day school. Our hall at St. Thomas has been rebuilt, and negotiations have been completed for another at Moose Jaw and an extensive building scheme at Winnipeg, which includes a barracks, Provincial Office and Garrison. The transformation of the Richmond St. barracks, mentioned elsewhere, is also a decided property achievement, while Dawson City barracks, Shelter and

Our Seventeenth Birthday Party.

By the time this issue reaches our readers the Anniversary Celebrations at Toronto will be nearly concluded, and the officers will be preparing to return to their different corps, carrying with them the inspirations which such gatherings give to the participants. It is, of course, impossible to give any reports of these meetings in this edition of the War Cry, but we shall print a full account of the preliminary meetings on Saturday, Miss Booth's two special addresses at the Pavilion on Sunday, and of Monday night's reception at the Temple. The Commissioner's meetings at the Pavilion will be the centre of curiosity, as they will be entirely novel and unique.

S. A. Mission Work.

There has been much said on and off—and not so very long ago—by a Canadian periodical, about the Salvation Army not being a success as a missionary agency among the unchristianized nations of the globe. Our regular readers will hardly require any contradiction of this assertion, since we make it a point to give all important current news, advances and useful information referring to our work among the natives, in our pages; but, as our work in India has been repeatedly picked upon by critics who never have been to that country, and who form their opinions from strongly colored reports only, we are glad to give some figures which we have taken from the latest number of the Indian Cry.

We have at present 1,443 corps and outposts in India, in charge of 1,226 officers and Cadets. The education of our soldiers and adherents is provided for by 237 schools, 17 of which are Boarding and Industrial Schools, the balance of 220 being Day Schools. Competent and certificated officers manage two Dispensaries; we have 13 Training Homes for officers; 10 Village Brotherhood Bunks; four Rescue Homes; one Farm Colony; two Peasant Settlements, and one Prison Gate House. This would be an excellent record of a generation's endeavor, and yet we have been in India scarcely seventeen years. These figures are the best answer to pages of judicious and pointless twaddle about our fruitless work among the natives of India.

FOUND.

This is the joyful word which has been able to be written over 56 of the 275 cases which have passed through the hands of our Help and Enquiry Department during the year. The number would indeed be much larger were it not for the fact that many other losses have been located by other Officers and consequently are included in their totals. As a representative case we might instance the following:—W. W. Everett wrote in anxiety for us to find his mother, of whom he had lost all trace. He could give us, singularly, little clue, but by the aid of the International network of investigation at our disposal, we found his mother in England, and forwarded letters from her to her son.

OIL FOR THE CHARIOT WHEELS.

This is the prosperity attending our Trade Department through another year of hard toil and distinct achievement. Seventeen years ago trading for God was an unknown adjunct to the interests of the Flag; to-day the accompanying figures show the value of the business which consecrated business talents has proved. Its well-earned profits all go to the pushing and preserving of our efforts for the salvation of man. The gross income of the various Departments for six months are as follows: Printing, \$16,392.00; tailoring, \$4,718.75; merchandise, \$6,051.60; tea, \$497.10; and War Orps, \$26,647.50. Under this head we must include, and it will make a good conclusion to these notes, our weekly War Cry and Young Soldier circulation, 41,498.

REST AND REPLENISHMENT.

is what our Food and Shelter Depots have proved to hundreds of wayfaring men during the past year. 105,662 beds, and 262,224 meals have been supplied, 6,368 destitute men have been found employment, 640 meetings have

Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs,

Assisted by

All the Provincial Officers,

HEADQUARTERS' STAFF AND THE STAFF BAND,

Will Conduct Special Meetings on

Sunday, October 15th,
AT LISCAR STREET BARRACKS.

Specialettes.

Lieut-Colonel Margrett spent a sunny day at the Farm, where he conducted two meetings. One man sought salvation, who now acts as cook, although he has seen better days. He heard the Commissioner at the Pavilion in September, and received temporal help at the S. A. Shelter with the result that he was sent to the Farm. He appears to be thoroughly in earnest.

Brigadiers Gaskin and Pugmire and the Staff Band spent the week-end at Riverside; a full report is printed elsewhere.

Mrs. Brigadier Read addressed a large audience at the Loud St. Congregational Church on Sunday night, speaking on the Resene work of the Salvation Army. She received an excellent hearing and considerable sympathy was manifested on behalf of the Women's Social Work.

Brigadier Howell was the first P. O. to arrive in the city looking in good health.

Staff-Capt. Archibald has returned from his rest and had an excellent Sunday at the Temple.

Riverside's Rousing Rally

The memories of the visit of Brigadiers Gaskin and Pugmire, Majors Turner and Collier, Staff-Capt. Manitoba and Stanton, the Staff Band, and others of Headquarters' Staff, at Riverside, on Saturday, Oct. 1st, and Monday, September 30th, October 1st and 2nd, will long remain in the minds of our commandants across the classic dome.

The visit of the Staff Band will in some sense a "thanksgiving" to the Riverside Corps for their gift of the services of Serjeant-Major Seeds and Capt. Redburn to the Staff Band on many occasions.

Saturday night was spent entirely in the open-air, and a goodly crowd of people stood around, while a continual stream of song and testimony was kept up.

The Sunday meetings well bore out the "extraordinary" announcement. Good crowds were in evidence, and the collections were exceedingly spirit. The local folks, as represented by "Bill Phillips," the Colic Sergeant, took hold well. At night, the hall was crowded, and after a full, five sought salvation.

Monday night was devoted to music and song. An able pencil than mine might do justice to this meeting. I think I am safe in saying that for life, enjoyment and real, downright "mildly merry in the Lord," this was one of the best meetings the Staff Band has yet given. The hall was again full, and the income good. Brigadier Gaskin was thoroughly pleased with the result of the visit. So were the Riverside folks, and so were the other specials.—E. E.

THE SHIPWRECKED AT THE LIGHTHOUSE.

[By wire.]

Interesting news at the Lighthouse. Passengers and others of the stricken Scotsman arrived yesterday, and to-day, about forty stopping at the Lighthouse, by arrangement of the Company. More particulars and snapshots later.—Capt. Nyland.

A FREE READING ROOM

In Connection with the S. A. Hall at Victoria, B.C.

The Victoria Times contains the following comment:

"The selection by the Salvation Army of the old Y. M. C. A. rooms on Broad Street, for their Headquarters, will be henceforth regarded as a blessing, as it re-establishes, in improved form, the much-patronized and highly-appreciated reading-room formerly located there. State Captain Gaskin, who has entered into the work in Victoria with her accustomed energy and determination, rendered very quickly that such a reading-room would be a boon to many, and last evening it was publicly opened. His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor presided, and addresses were delivered by Revs. Speer, Winchester, Dr. Wilson, and School Trustee Mrs. Grant. The room is a cheerful, well-lighted and desirable resort."

Whereabouts of Financial Specials.

ENSIGN OTTAWAY.

Fort William, Thursday, Oct. 12, to Monday, Oct. 16.

Port Arthur, Tues. and Wed., Oct. 17, 18.

ENSIGN PERRY.

Oaks, Thursday, Oct. 12.

Lisbon, Frl., Sat. and Sun., Oct. 13, 14.

Fargo, Mon. and Tues., Oct. 16, 17.

Grand Forks, Wednesday, Oct. 18.

ENSIGN ANDREWS.

Campbellton, Thurs. and Frl., Oct. 12, 13.

Newcastle, Sat. and Sun., Oct. 14, 15.

Chatham, Monday, Oct. 16.

Frederiction, Tuesday, Oct. 17.

Woodstock, Wednesday, Oct. 18.



Difficulties Met.

(Continued.)

Unless you are standing with your faith on the Word of God, your foundation will very soon shake. That is why many people fall. For some time they are all right, and then down they go. If you have the right teaching, if your foundation is right from the beginning, it will never shake. Put your foundation upon the Rock.

A man in Australia said that his Christian life was like the Jack-in-the-box. You know what a "Jack-in-the-box" is? As soon as you touch a spring, it comes the Jack out of the box. He says, "It is all right; when you are not tempted; but when you are up comes the Jack—the things that are inside your heart."

"But," I said, "In a cleansed heart there is no Jack. Show me that from the Bible. You can't show it from the Bible. It is altogether your own imagination. What nonsense it is to believe such teaching as that."

"Oh," said he, "you know it is all right."

"No, no," I said, "It is all wrong. All uncleanness is outside. God says so. Isa. 1. 25 (R.V.) 'I will turn My hand upon the sea and thoroughly purge away all thy dross, and take away all thy alloy!'"

Another man used the expression, "A tiger in the cage." "There is a tiger," he said, "inside the cage: it won't harm you, but it will remain in you." I said to him, "If you keep the tiger inside the cage, you must have some food for the tiger. Who is going to supply it?" There was no man in the world but, thank God, the man who said there was "a tiger in the cage" was taught the truth a short time ago by the Lord, and since then has been greatly used of God.

The Clean Heart.

Another well-known preacher said, "Dear David, your heart is a damp-house. You can open the door, open the window, and let the light in, but you can't cure the heart. It is a damp-house." I said, "Where is the verse for this?" He quoted Mark vii. 21, "From within, out of the heart of men, proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, fornications, murders, and all manner of sins. For out of the heart of men—natural men, unconverted men—from such, proceed such corruption. When your heart is cleansed from all filthiness, (Ezek. xxxvii. 25, "From all your sins, I will cleanse you; a new spirit will I give you, and a new spirit will put within you,") and possessed by Jesus, (Pep. iii. 17, "That Christ may dwell in your heart by faith; that ye being rooted and grounded in love"), where is there room for such things? If one's heart is made like this after being cleansed, how can I call that my heart?" I said to him, "If that is my heart, I won't preach any longer." I asked him, "Is that your heart?" He couldn't say it was his heart. Oh, it is diabolical to have such an idea of a Christian heart which is cleansed from all evil. The dear man could not say that this was the experience of his heart.

God speaks of hearts very clearly in His word. There are about 125 kinds of hearts mentioned in the Bible, and I want to call your attention to the special kinds. Study men's hearts. It will do you lots of good. It took me about four months to study that subject. The three kinds of hearts are: First, the unconverted heart, Mark vii. 21 (above), Jer. xvii. 9, "The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." Second, the changed heart, 1 Cor. v. 17, "Therefore, if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away, all things have become new." A new creature; and this is the cleansed heart, Ezek. xxxvii. 4, "I will cleanse you as a man is clean when he washes his feet, but is clean every whit."

I prove that in this way. The carnal man, whose heart is unconverted, you will find in Romans viii. 6, 7, "The carnal man is not the spiritual man,

but is quite different. "For to be carnally minded is death; but to be spiritually minded is life and peace. Because the carnal mind is enmity against God; for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be. Now, it is not subject to the law of God, but it never can be. Never, NEVER!"

Second, the carnal soul, the changed heart, babes in Christ, you will find in 1 Cor. 1. 2, "And I, brethren, could not speak unto you as unto spiritual, but as unto carnal, even as unto babes in Christ. I have fed you with milk and not with meat; for hitherto ye were not able to bear it, neither yet now are ye able." Why? "For ye are yet carnal." Paul went to see the Corinthians; he went to give them solid food, but when he there found them still babes in Christ, carnal Christians. They were not prepared for meat because they had no teeth, no backbone—they were jelly-fish Christians. He said to them, "I came to you to give you some meat, but you are not ready for it. I thought you were spiritual, but you are carnal—babes in Christ. You are children of God, but you are still carnal." You see, this is the converted state, but not the spiritual state.

Not Guilty.

Third, in the eighth chapter of Romans, at the fifth verse, you will see that "to be spiritually minded is life and peace;" and in the 9th verse, "Now, if any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of His." And the experience of that heart will find in Romans vii. 17, 18 and 22, "But God be thanked, that ye were the servants of sin, but ye have obeyed from the heart that form of doctrine which was delivered you. Being then

made free from sin." Justification is different from freedom. "Justified" means "Not guilty;" that is all. You are not guilty. Through the righteousness of God you are "free from the wrath to come," but free from sin is quite a different thing. You are free from sin because the indwelling power of Christ makes you free, not only from the guilt, but also from the power of sin.

Many explain the truth according to their opinion, but the Lord explains in chapters and verses. If it is the truth of God you preach, you will find plenty of chapters and verses to support it; but if a man is going to use his own imagination and theory, you won't be able to find a chapter and verse for it. Let God be true! Romans III. 3, 4, "For what if some did not believe? Shall we then make the faith of God without effect? God forbid; yet let God be true, and every man a liar." Let every man be a liar, but let God be true. If some do not believe, what does God care about it? Whether you believe it or not, the fact remains a fact. Eight and eight are sixteen; if you do not believe it, it will never make it seventeen. You may not believe in navigation, but the captain of the ship is not going to give up navigation because you do not believe in it. You don't know chemistry; the doctor prescribes some medicine for you and you don't believe it; but the doctor is not going to alter the prescription because you do not believe in it. What is it to him whether you believe in it or not? If you believe you shall have the benefit of it; if you do not believe you shall go without it. It will serve you right, serve you right.

(To be continued.)

won by the Thebans, although Pelopidas was killed there, to the great grief of all.

Epaminondas was sent the following year to defend the allies against the Spartans, and had almost won the battle when an arrow struck him in the chest. He saw the Spartans in full flight, and asked for the two next in command, which were both slain. Upon hearing this he advised his friends to make peace.

"This day is not the end of, but the beginning of, my glory," he said to his weeping friends, "I with my own hand he pulled the arrow out of his breast and died. He was buried where he died, and a pillar was erected to his memory.

Truth Jersey Sold.

Many of the chambers of the house of life are for ever locked to us, until love gives us the key.

All men seem to believe that they can have one character and another reputation.

If thou art wise, then knowest thine own ignorance, and thou art ignorant if thou knowest not thyself.—Luther.

Experience has always to be bought, and properly regarded and acted upon, is worth the money paid for it.

The memory of good and worthy actions gives a quicker relish to the soul than ever it could possibly take in the highest enjoyments of youth.

An unkind word from one beloved often draws the blood from many a heart that would defy the battle-axe of bared or the keenest edge of vindictive satire.

All great reforms have been won by men whom the world has called fanatics. Men of principle and backbone, not compromise with the devil—they fight him.

False happiness renders men stern and proud, and that happiness is never communicated. True happiness renders them kind and sensible, and that happiness is always shared.

The foundation of good labor in any shape is a good man, and all that does not give breadth, depth and fulness to him will react in ultimate improvement upon his work.

There is a rough and bitter proverb: "As the old cock crows, the young cock learns"; and those who sow in small shams not unfrequently reap in large deceptions.

He who is sympathetic has his entrance into all hearts, and is the solver of all human problems. To him is given dominion where he thinks to serve; and the love which he gives without stint, as without calculation, he receives back without measure, as without conditions.

Some See-Saws.

THINGS I SAW AT PETERBORG.

By BRIGADIER PUGMIRE.

Six souls kneeled at the Cross.

The collections for the week-end doubled.

Five dollars given at the afternoon open-air meeting.

Three hundred people at the Sunday night meeting.

Bandsmen and soldiers stick to their knees till the close of the Sunday night prayer meeting.

The Juniors on Sunday afternoon, the attendance being 107 at the company meeting.

The J. S. library, which is a credit to the J. S. S.-M. and workers.

Staff-Capt. Burditt in fighting trim, as usual.



L—THE ANCIENT GREEKS

CHAPTER XIII.

EPAMINONDAS, THE MODEL SALVATIONIST.

Sparta exercised her power very harshly. In 357 B. C., they called upon the Thebans to assist in the siege of the city of Matineans. The besieged sallied out and in the ensuing battle were defeated. In the course of the fighting a rich young Theban of noble family, named Pelopidas, was surrounded by enemies. Pelopidas commanded the horsemen, while Epaminondas drew up his infantry in lines fifty deep, with which he dashed into the midst of the Spartans, who were only three deep, while the cavalry dashed into the broken ranks of the Spartans and cut them down. The Spartan leader was slain and the Thebans had won a glorious victory. Epaminondas was the most popular man for a time, but envy raised him up some enemies which succeeded in having him elected as inspector of street cleaning, intending it for a snare. Instead he fulfilled the duties of it so well that he made the office an honorable one.

Pelopidas, who had been sent with a message to Thessaly, had been put in chains in a dismal dungeon and the Thebans marched against Thessaly to deliver him. Epaminondas among the troops as a common soldier. The Theban leaders managed so badly that they were forced to turn back by the enemy. In the retreat the half-starved and exhausted troops cried out for Epaminondas, and by the mere dread of his name made the tyrant of that city to sue for peace and to deliver up Pelopidas. The reports of Pelopidas were so revolting that another attack was made at the end of the peace, and a great battle was

engaged by Boeotarchs, who were elected for a year at a time.

A war with Sparta followed in which Athens helped Thebes out of hatred for Sparta. After six years a conference was called to arrange a peace agreement, at which Epaminondas distinguished himself by his eloquence, insisting that Sparta should give up the rule over other places in Laconia. The Athenians would not stand by Thebes, which was left alone to resist Sparta. The latter power sent eleven thousand men under the dual king—Agelatus and Cleombrotus—backed by a lame leg to stay behind—while Epaminondas mustered only six thousand warriors. Pelopidas commanded the horsemen, while Epaminondas drew up his infantry in lines fifty deep, with which he dashed into the midst of the Spartans, who were only three deep, while the cavalry dashed into the broken ranks of the Spartans and cut them down. The Spartan leader was slain and the Thebans had won a glorious victory. Epaminondas was the most popular man for a time, but envy raised him up some enemies which succeeded in having him elected as inspector of street cleaning, intending it for a snare. Instead he fulfilled the duties of it so well that he made the office an honorable one.

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Facts of the Fighting.

Twillingate District.

On Tuesday, July 27th, Ensign Cooper received a telegram from Captain Baggis, in charge of Botwood village, saying that the barracks and quarters were destroyed by fire. The Ensign, like all loyal Salvationists, felt it very sorely, yet he believed in the old problem, "Try and try again." The following Wednesday the Ensign left his corps, Twillingate, in a small row boat, for Botwoodville to see what could be done. He came to Morton's Harbor, stayed all night, and on the following morning the Ensign, accompanied by his little servant, Lieut. Sparks, left Morton's Harbor intending to reach our destination. Just after we had started on our journey, we found, like the old servant Paul, that the winds were contrary. Still we ploughed at it. At 11:30 a.m. we got to Samson's Island, met with some of our S. A. friends, got a lunch and some information regarding the best way, and started again. After a pull of 27 miles our desired haven was reached all O. K. We were somewhat weary and tired, and we found Capt. Baggis much perplexed over the loss, and especially for the quarters, which he had built and which she was getting nicely furnished. She had been living in it just one week. But through it all she claims a fire-proof salvation.

On Friday, Aug. 4th, the Ensign made arrangements with Captain and Sergeants to start another barracks and quarters as soon as possible. At 7:30 p.m. we had a march and open-air with corset and drum. A large crowd attended. On Saturday afternoon Sergt. and Mrs. Scobright's little baby Mary Elsie Scobright, was dedicated to the Lord. We had a cottage meeting at night. The meeting went in true Newfoundland style.

When They Dance?

We closed thanking God for victory in seeing their wanderers brought back to the "Sons."

Sunday was a day of rich blessings. God was with us all day. After the public meeting a soldiers' council was held at 4 p.m. The night's meeting was full of deep conviction, but we had no visible results.

With the assistance of the soldiers, we got the ruins of the fire removed on Monday, and the foundation of another quarters was laid, and Captain Baggis is expecting in a few weeks to have it in his home. The soldiers of Botwoodville are made of the right kind of material; they are not moved with small things. This is the second barracks they have had burned and they are expecting in a few months to have the third one built. We also have some good sympathizers of the Army here, whose generosity is admirable; they don't mind going to



Harbor Grace, Nfld.

the pocket-book to help forward a good thing.

On Tuesday, Aug. 8th, we left Botwoodville to go round the District. We first visited Camelton and found Capt. Moore doing exploits in the way of a banquet. We gave them a meeting which was greatly appreciated by all that attended.

On Thursday we started for Compton Cove, and after a pull of 10 miles, reached it. We had a meeting, and it was good to be there.

Friday found us on our way for New Bay corner, a distance 42 miles. At 7 p.m. we reached New Bay Head, and to our surprise found the corps and barracks was 12 miles further up the South-West arm. We stayed all night with old S. A. friends, Mr. and Mrs. A. Richards.

The next morning we found Capt. Pugh very anxious to see us. Sunday was a day long to be remembered. Although it was quite stormy, we had good crowds. The holiness meeting at 11 a.m. was a real love feast; the blessing of sanctification was explained very clearly, and the result was that four came forward and could claim this blessing. In the afternoon envelopment. At the night meeting Sergt. and Mrs. Cooper's little baby was dedicated to the Lord.

Monday found us on our way to Exploits. The sea was very rough and our boat was small. We found it a difficult task, but the Ensign is known among Newfoundlanders as an energetic man, who believes, when he can't go through difficulties, in going over them. We crossed New Bay, and then started to

Pull Our Boat Over the Sand.

The pull was rather a tough one, but we got there. At 5 p.m. we were on the opposite side in Exploit Bay, and after coming a distance of 20 miles, reached Exploit corps, feeling we had done a good job.

The night's meeting was well attended. Deep convictions reigned.

Wednesday we started for Black Is-

land, an outpost of Exploits. We had it quite stormy. Our boat was damaged twice with quite a lot of water that came over her. When we reached the Island we found we were the right people in the right place. Our meeting with the Salvation Army Free-and-Easy affair. Some people with various dispositions would have declared us crazy. Two soldiers were enrolled and one bachelader reclaimed. After the public meeting a soldiers' council was held.

Thursday found us on our way to Morton's Harbor. We had quite a hard pull, but got there all O. K. and found Capt. Howell with brain and fingers at work teaching school. At 3 p.m. the Ensign had a meeting with the children.

On Friday we arrived back at Twillingate. We would like to let the readers of the War Cry know that Twillingate District is in a prosperous condition, and that God and our leaders can depend upon us to carry out every command.

These are the figures of our trip: Rowed 145 miles, visited 5 corps and 4 missions, held 15 meetings, 8 souls enquired, 3 soldiers enrolled, and 2 chums dedicated.—Lieut. Geo. Sparks, for Ensign Cooper.

WOODSTOCK.—You have not heard from us since Harvest Festival, but I just want to say we smashed our target to pieces, and to God be all the glory. We had Ensign Collier with us, who farewelled from the Province and has gone to his home in England. We also had Major and Mrs. Soutthill, our Provincial Officers, who are always welcome. Mrs. Soutthill lectured on Saturday night on League of Mercy work in London, while the audience sat in rapt attention. We also had Capt. Smith with us for Sunday, who made the meetings lively and interesting, and at night one soul sought and found salvation. Hallelujah!—Lieut. Mumford, for Ensign Gaule.

Another Earthquake.

Skagway has been visited again with an earthquake, just a week from the last, and it seems to happen on Sunday. This one was worse than the last, and one of the most remarkable a good many have known; the buildings just swayed like drunken men for several minutes while the earth rolled and quaked like a steamer. While Bro. Jensen and I stood outside the door upstairs you just felt as though you were on the bridge of some ocean steamer, and looking down into the yard at the back you could see the water in a wash-tub sway to and fro and splash over the sides, and the water in the creek washing from one side to the other. I saw one poor woman run out of the house and cling round the neck of her husband (I suppose). People are getting afraid, but those who are saved are rejoicing. Hallelujah!

The first shock took place while we were at knee-drill. Some of the Christians started to pray that God would shake more, while other would shout "Glory!" (What a contrast to the woman who was clinging round her husband's neck). Sunday was a day of victory. At 3 p.m. we had a blessed salvation meeting. There are a number here whose hearts are baptized with the Holy Ghost, and quite a number hungry for Him. I cannot last report one sister, over sixty years of age, has sought the Lord. The conviction of sin came upon her through reading the War Cry.

The other night there were only four of us in the open-air, but two of them were lawyers. A large number pass through here to and from Dawson and one was heard to exclaim that he would not hear anything said against the Army. May our lives and work be more holy.—Ensign F. R. Bross.

DUNDAS.—Major Turner and a few of our Hamilton friends paid a visiting while last Friday night. Can't boast of large crowds, but good meetings. One soul out for salvation Sunday night, others convicted and believe ere long we shall have the joy of seeing them kneeling at the Cross.—A. Parker, Lieut.

HALIFAX I.—We can report victory in our II. F. effort. The Lord was with us the past week in the salvation of souls and the sanctification of believers. On Sunday God was with us in power. Seven for salvation and three for sanctification were the visible results. May the Lord bless us altogether.—Treas. Casblin.

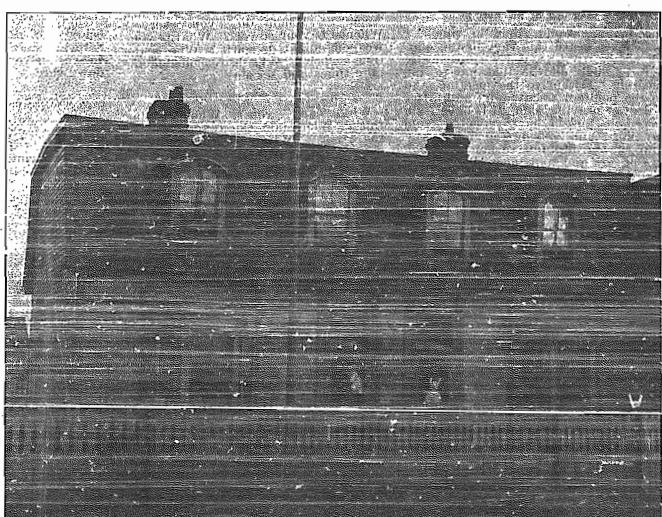
DAWSON.—Wonderful day yesterday. Stupendous open-air, very large crowd at night indoors, new converts assisting in day's light. Powerful meetings. One man knelt at drum-head last week in open-air; a magnificent case; going to be a soldier. Praise the Lord!—Adjt. Frank Morris.

SILVER'S TOWN, Nfld.—The past week our meetings have been good. We met Sunday evening at Spaulard's Bay for open-air meeting. Some two hundred people were there. God came upon us, and at the close four went away with new hearts and new lives. Fifteen souls since last report. To God we give the glory.—D. Moulton, Capt.

NEW WESTMINSTER.—Capt. Perron and Lieut. Bets farewelled last Sunday. The meetings were very good, and although God's Holy Spirit touched many hearts, we yield. We hope to hear of many precious souls coming back to God, and left praying God's richest blessing to rest upon every comrade. The Harvest Festival effort was a success and all comrades assisted bravely.—M. Bets, Lieut., for E. Perron, Capt.

MOOSOMIN, N. W. T.—Hard battle Sunday. Satan defeated. Two sinners saved at night. Soldiers full of fire for God and getting into uniform. Christ's power to save and keep (even the Irish) being shown. Our motto, "On, on, and sth on." We cannot fail, for Jesus is our leader, and He is always sure to win. Praise God!—Eton.

REVELSTOKE.—Still we march on believing for a grand revival ere long. The devil is shaking. Although our strength, conviction has taken. We had Lieut. Stangers Tuesday and Wednesday. "Magic lantern and service of Charge." We enjoyed his us very much.—S. A. Shriver.



Provincial Headquarters and Rescue Home, St. Johns, Nfld.

Lieut. Bone
Midland.



Treasurer Stapleton.
Barrie.



The Color-Sergeant OF ST. STEPHEN, N.B.

The Story of My Conversion.

I was born in Yarmouth, N. S. My mother was a good Christian and a member of the Baptist Church. I went to school until I was thirteen years of age, and had to attend Sabbath School and two preaching services every Sunday (rain or shine). My religious instruction did not seem to benefit me very much, for after I left home, I did not attend a religious meeting of any kind for a long time. I learned to drink, and smoke, and used to be out late at nights with the boys, indulging in sins of various kinds.

While at work in a lobster packing shop I fell in love with a young woman who lived in the house where I was boarding. After about a year's "courting" we were married and lived happily together for a number of years. We had everything we needed to make us comfortable and happy, with the exception of the one thing that alone can give true and lasting happiness.

One day my wife took sick. The doctors said it was consumption, and with that our troubles commenced. My father had died just before this and left me between three and four thousand dollars, so we were in no immediate want; but with doctor's bills, medicine and our extravagant way of living, that money soon vanished, and all that I could earn. While in St. Stephen my wife took a turn for the worse, and our money was all gone. I had no work, and it was not safe to leave my wife alone in the house. (We had no one living with us.) Two years ago last June she was well enough to be up and dressed, and was sitting in her chair at the front window. About 5 o'clock in the afternoon she requested me to make a fire in the stove and prepare her some supper. I went into the kitchen and had not been out five minutes, when I thought I heard her call for me. I went at once to see what she wanted, and as I saw that her lap was full of blood, and blood flowing out of her mouth. She made no sound, did not even move. I think she was dead before I got to her. Died without having a chance to even say goodbye to me. I cannot describe my feelings at that time. I felt utterly desolate.

My Wife had been My Idol.

I felt that I was all alone, forsaken by both God and man and my heart was almost broken.

A few weeks before my wife died the Lord had sent a kind Christian lady to visit us. She used to call two or three times a week, and did all that was possible to make her comfortable. She not only sent her everything that could be got, to nourish and strengthen her, but also hummed lullabies in a great many children's lullabies, that were expensive and of no real benefit to her. I had never in all my life before met so kind-hearted and so good a woman. When she came in after my wife died, I shall never forget the few sympathizing words she spoke to me. I have the more cause to remember them, as she was the only person that tried to comfort me in any way. Her sympathy went further than words. What was my surprise after she had taken leave to find that in speaking with her she had left a five dollar bill in my hand. A day or two after the funeral this same lady sent me a lovely reference Bible, with many passages that she thought might benefit me underlined, accompanied by a note asking me to read a few verses every night, and telling me if I ever needed a friend at any time, to be sure and come to her. It would always be a pleasure for her to help me in any way that she could. This may almost killed me with kindness. I commenced to read my Bible every night (something I had never done before) simply to please her. After a while

I liked to Read it,

and my true friend helped me in every way possible, by teaching and explaining

and by words of encouragement. Truly, "Kind words never die." Up to this time I had not been inside of a religious meeting of any kind for over five years, and had not an interest in any meeting but once in my life. I commenced going to church on Sundays, and once in a while during the week would go to the S. A. meeting in Calais. I said my prayers every night, and was trying to be as good as I could.

A few weeks after that I happened to go to an Army meeting in St. Stephen. The Captain impressed me as being good, sincere, and honest, and what she said seemed to come from the heart. I liked the meeting so very much that I had no desire to go any where else. The Captain was a good talker, and talked from the platform only, but in the prayer meeting would go and talk to different persons in the audience. I well remember the first time she came to me, how uneasy I felt. I made no reply, thinking she would not come again, but she was not to be got rid of so easily. In a few nights she came again. The Captain talked to me very earnestly. One question she asked me was, "Have you been born again?" On the impulse of the moment, almost before I knew it, I was kneeling in the platform form. The Captain all the time, and the Captain told me to pray for myself and I did. But I did not find peace that night and went away bitterly disappointed.

If I had been left to myself, my experience of salvation would have ended there, but Captain Clark did not leave me alone. She asked could she go to my boarding house to pray and talk with me. I have not forgotten

RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD.

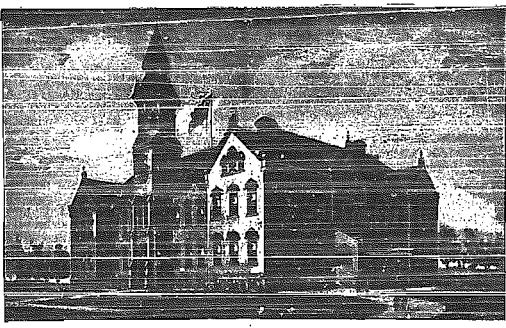
A reliable estimate gives an interesting comparative view of the world's great religions. The numbers and their adherents are: Christianity, 477,000,000; worship of ancestors and Confucianism, 256,000,000; Mohammedanism, 176,000,000; Buddhism, 148,000,000; Taoism, 43,000,000; Shintoism, 14,000,000; Polytheism, 117,000,000; Judaism, 7,000,000. Geographically, the followers of various religions are divided as follows: Europe, Catholics, 169,000,000; Protestants, 80,000,000; Orthodox believers, 89,000,000. America, Catholics, 53,000,000; Protestants, 57,000,000. Africa, Catholics, 2,600,000; Protestants, 1,750,000; Mahomedans, 100,000,000. The total number of Methodists in the world is about 30,000,000. In Great Britain alone there are nearly 300 religious sects. The adherents of the Established Church are officially put down at 13,000,000, but the figure is no doubt an exaggeration. There are in the United Kingdom 1,000 Baptist churches, 1,000 Methodists, 500 Sunday School scholars; 600,000 Methodist members and 1,500,000 scholars; 500,000 Congregational members; 300,000 Welsh Calvinistic members, and 80,000 Jews. The Unitarians have some 250 congregations in England alone; the Society of Friends number about 18,000, and the Salvation Army, the most remarkable religious organization of modern times, has a round million of adherents.

that makes a soldier. The plan of campaign is not upon "you," "you" do not bear the "charges." God will "GET HIMSELF the victory" when He will, but not until He has deputized men enough to hold it. We depend on "you" that is your question. One who says to a man who has taken his stand for righteousness against a mighty wrong, alone or with a handful, "you can't!" says only this, "you can't be true," and as sure as God lives, that is a lie. The New Voice.

DISOBEDIENCE'S DIRRE CURSE.

A gentleman who seemed very much interested, sat in one of our meetings the other night. On dealing with him I found him to be (I believe the most miserable of all people in the world) a half-clad ex-officer, many miles away from the land in which he had fought beneath the Yellow, Red, and Blue. His story is, he met a soldier whom he married. He thought things would go on all right, but, alas! she did not prove to be that true soldier of the Cross he had thought her to be. They had a good deal of money, they went into business and failed. She had a very bad temper and treated him very harshly, which he took very hard, and at last backed off altogether. He says he had tried since to come back to God, but, that her狠毒sees us brass is bad. God gave him good success, and helped him to lead many souls to the Cross. "And here," he said, "I am now myself, a spiritual and financial wreck."

Dear comrades, let us who are still on the battlefield take warning, and not let the devil through discouragement or any other cause, tempt us to give up the fight, for we see all around us the "reward of disobedience." —J. E. L. Dillon, Mont.



The Ryerson Public School, Hamilton, Ont.

the cold, dreary day on which she faithful Captain called to see me. She told me I must not go by my feelings, but to leave off everything that I knew to be wrong, and live by faith, and

Take God at His Word;

the feeling would come in time. I had never heard this "word" of the master before. She prayed very earnestly before going and invited me to the meeting. I went to the meeting, and after the penitent room again, and, after a deal of praying, said, "I believe I am saved, because I have repented from my sins, and asked God for mercy and pardon, but I have not that feeling of joy and happiness that I have heard some of them tell about."

I prayed God daily to give me some sign, some token, that I could not fail to understand, so that I would know beyond the shadow of a doubt that I had been born again. This was a child. The Devil was telling me sometimes that I was a hypocrite, that I had not been converted, and that the whole thing was a delusion. I will never forget the time that my prayer was answered. It was about three weeks after I first knelt at the penitent form. I was praying very earnestly, when, instantaneously, while on my knees, there came a feeling over me that I cannot just describe; it was joy, happiness, peace and certainty combined; since that time I have never had a doubt of my salvation.

I have been in a year and eight months since I first went to the penitent form.

I have been enrolled as a soldier and hold a commission as Color-Sergeant. Although I have had many temptations and discouragements, I have not backslidden. God's grace has always been sufficient for me.

You Can't.

Who "can't"? Who are "you"? How much depends on "you"? Whose are "you"? Whom do "you" serve? Whence is your power? What is your weapon—might or spirit? Who is the time-keeper? Who is responsible for "the times and seasons"?

—X—

Why "can't" you? Who is doing that? Who laid the foundations of the earth? Who "made the earth, and shut it up with doors"? Who spread the clouds the garments thereof? Who hath "commanded the morning since thy days"? Who keeps "the treasures of the snow"? Who is the Father of the rain? Who passes "the ordinances of heaven"? Who set "the dominion thereof upon the earth"? Who gives "the horse strength"? Doth the eagle mount up by thy command?

—X—

Has one of "the corners of the earth" slipped out of God's hands? Has the King gotten beyond the control of the Maker? "Can" God govern His world? Do you, His servant, deny your Landlord's title? Can a dirty politician out God some of his estate of adverse possession? Is there a statute of limitations that binds God?

—X—

The strength of Fort "You Can't" is the vanity of "you." "Blessed are the Meek, for they shall INHERIT the earth." "You" overestimate yourself in results. "You" exaggerate your immediate importance. To salute, to obey, to endure, that is the trinity

that are prepared to answer questions and give information upon any subject as far as it is possible for us to do so. We will answer enquiries about rules and regulations, difficult subjects of doctrine, as far as we can, and also about the war, our personal troubles and perplexities, or regarding general points of interest to the majority of readers.

Write us frankly. Whenever a reply is made to any question, we will answer by letter, if you enclose postage stamp. We would not use your name in print, but all enquiries should give their full name and address, as a matter of good faith.

S.M. — Sergeant-Major's stripes should be worn on the right sleeve below the elbow, pointing upwards; Sergeant's stripes are worn on the left sleeve, above the elbow, and pointing downwards.

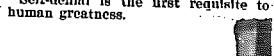
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CONTRIBUTOR.—The Trade Secretary is, so to speak, the business manager of the War Cry. All subscriptions referring to the Cry, and all correspondence referring to subscriptions should be sent to him. Contributions to the pages of the War Cry, and correspondence with regards to the contents of the War Cry, or about articles to be contributed, should be sent to the Editor.

—X—

J. H.—We have carefully read your letter, which is too long to reprint and too personal as well. We would point out to you, that, as a Salvation Soldier, you take necessarily a greater obligation upon you than if you had become a member of a church. The Soldier "I" will tell you that you must be a fighter, and to be a successful fighter it will not do to run continually to other meetings. What would you think of a soldier who continually deserted his company, just when the battle is "aring, to go to places where he "can enjoy himself." You are a soldier in order to work and fight, not for the sake of enjoyment.

Self-denial is the first requisite to human greatness.



Going · Forward!

KAT PORTAGE.—Saturday night welcome meeting to Adj't Cass. Sunday, meetings led by the Adjutant and Capt. Hurst. Two Cadets firedwell on Wednesday for the Field.—Reg. Cor.

CAMPBELLTON, N. B.—H. F. went with a bang, smashed the target and sent the pieces to Headquarters. (Good joke, Chico.—not.) Junior musical drills were well appreciated.—Cheko.

HUNTSVILLE.—Good meetings all day on Sunday. God came very near. Soldiers full of faith, and we rejoiced at the close of the day in seeing five precious souls kneeling at the Cross.—C. T. Patten.

LUNENBURG, N. S.—Since last you heard from us we can report victory. God is with us. Smashed our H. F. target all to pieces. Crowds are getting better. On Sunday night one precious soul got saved and is doing well.—A. Ritchie and J. Peckham.

HODGEFOWNA.—We had a visit from Major and Mrs. Southall on Monday evening, and in spite of the unpleasant weather, quite a large crowd assembled to hear the Major speak on "The greatest miracle of the world," and everybody enjoyed immensely, also Mrs. Southall's address on "Side-lights." We say, "Come again, Major and Mrs. Southall!"—Capt. Freeman.

NAPANEE.—Though for some time past the devil has tried in many ways to blunder our work, we are glad to report that God has come to our help. During the past few weeks twelve precious souls came to the Mercy Seat and sought salvation. Glory to God! We are expecting a good time on Wednesday when we'll have with us D. O. Ensign Ward.—A. T.

ANPRIORITY.—We are glad to report victory. Our H. F. effort was a decided success, and we managed to hit our \$60 target with very little difficulty. Praise God! Our Juniors came to the front, and, led on by Capt. Major Comba, gave us a proper wind up in the form of a jubilee which was much appreciated by all.—E. Major and A. O'Neill, Capts.

BLENHEIM.—Thursday night we had Major and Mrs. Southall with us. This is their fourth visit within a year. Mrs. Southall gave us an interesting talk on the Rescue Work, giving instances of remarkable conversions. Capt. Freeman rendered valuable assistance. Everybody delighted with the Major's witty sayings. Captain Dowell is leading on the forces here. Good meetings Saturday and Sunday.—Ima Groom.

ST. JOENSURY, Vt.—The officers and soldiers of this corps had a picnic at Mr. Goodchild's farm, St. Johnsbury Centre. The rain preventing outside meetings, the old men gathered in the house. Mrs. Ensign, Sister of Sherbrooke, and Capt. Banks of Newport, led the meeting. Mr. Goodchild served a chicken dinner, coffee, ice cream, etc., the comrades bringing cake and candy with them. We had a glorious time.—E. E. J. R. C.

OTTAWA.—Our H. F. target is all O. K. We have had some wonderful meetings in connection with H. F. We have had a Junior Jubilee, Bandsman

Osman favored us with a magic lantern service, followed by a special service entitled, "The opening of seven sealed packets by seven prophets and prophetesses," which proved to be very interesting. God has so blessed those meetings that souls sought His face, finding pardon at His feet and taking their stand for God in the Army. Capt. O'Neill has been with us. We were glad to greet her again.—Sergt. French.

DILLON, Mont.—We are not dead, though it is quite a while since you have heard from us. (Shame.—Ed.) We haven't many soldiers, but they are a beautiful lot. We are on the go for a few weeks' rest. We smashed our H. F. target before she left. We believe God's Spirit is working here. He does not always let us see the result of our work, but, praise God, we can trust Him just the same.—Lieut. Jessie E. Long.

ST. JOHNSBURY, Vt.—We received a visit from Ensign Sims and Capt. Banks. Local Officers were commissioned and recruits enrolled. J. S. Merchant came seven miles and S. Merchant came five miles to be present at knee-drill. We smashed the H. F. target all to pieces. Soldiers and officers united. Souls are being saved. Victory all the way. We mean to have the banner corps in the State. (Success to you)—Ed.—E. B. Story.

LEWISTON, Idaho.—Praise God our hall is again opened up, and though the attendance was very small at our first meeting last Saturday night, things have livened up since then. Lewiston people love the Army and were glad to see them in their home once more. Capt. Sheard, accompanied by his musical Lieutenant, has taken charge, and have already found a warm place in their hearts for the people of our beautiful city of Lewiston.—Capt. Sheard.

ANAPOLIS.—Comrades still pushing on through thick and thin. Crowds increasing and growing interest.—Praise God! Harvest Festival has been the theme for the last two weeks, in which the officers and comrades toiled hard, which resulted in going over our target. Great credit is due our Juniors who helped in decorating God bless them. Staff-Capt. Tutton with us for the week-end. Meetings good, and one soul into the Fountain.—M. R. R. C.

ST. GEORGES.—God is still blessing us. Adj't and Mrs. Miller with us on Thursday night. We had eight recruits enrolled under the good old Army Flag. We sang altogether with the flag banner apologetically to the Lord to "Thee." Three backsliders came back during the week's meetings. One brother, Pilot Virtue, got driven to sea in the Pilot Boat St. George, on Monday night, and was gone almost two days. All the comrades offered up prayers for him and his crew. On Wednesday morning the glad news that the St. George was seen caused rejoicing to all. They were none the worse for their voyage, except they were a little hungry.—R. S. C. C.

LIVERPOOL.—One of the worst storms that ever visited Britain was on Sept. 12th and 13th, 1899, causing a large amount of damage.—R. S. C. C.



L. A. C. EDWARDS,
Brooklyn,
Ont.



BRO.
OLIVER
CARPENTER
Orangeville,
Ont.

OPINIONS

ABOUT

"The Life of John Read."

Extracts from Letters Received by
Mrs. Read, and Reviews
of the Press.

Rev. Dr. Jackson, of Barre, Vt., says: "Many thanks for the book you so kindly sent me, giving such a loving, loyal biography of your late and much-loved husband. I have read it with great interest, and, I am sure, personal profit. No one can come in contact with such a life of devotion and zeal for God and man without being better for it. The book will do much good, for, if it be, as I believe, God's will, it will be well received by the public. You have accomplished your task well. In construction and style it is excellent and throughout carries the reader's interest and sympathy."

—x—

Judge Prowse, of St. John's, author of *Madeline Hister's History*, writes: "I have been very much interested in your book. It is far more than the tribute of a devoted wife to the memory of a dearly loved husband. Incidentally it is an admirable sketch of the work of your great organization. A history of the work of its inner life. The most prejudiced must agree that it has been a marvelous success. Of all the workers in the Salvation Army there was none more devoted to the Master's service. He literally wore himself out. The memory of such a blessed life will always be a Divine consolation to you."

—x—

Rev. Dr. Morgan Wood, Toronto, says: "I have glanced over the pages, and have read enough to convince me of the genuine merit of the volume: Nothing touches and influences character more quickly than biography, and the records of useful lives cannot help but do so. Such a life evidently John Read lived, and the reading of the book will undoubtedly make a deep impression on others. I wish for it a large circulation because of the message it contains."

—x—

Rev. Dr. Withrow, giving a review in the *Methodist Magazine*, writes: "The story of a good man's life is better than volumes of didactic teaching—one is teaching by example, the other by precept. * * * John Read's life-story is told with loving tenderness, and cannot fail to be an inspiration to increased devotion in the service of our common Master and Lord."

Our Pilot—Which?

Close-reefed we sail adown the stream of life,
The wind and waves they buffet us at will,
Yet ever day stronger grow in noble birth,
To make the entrance of our haven still,
Each life-boat bears upon the flood but two—

The human soul, that battles strong,
In one
The other is the Pilot, false or true,
Soul-chosen, either Satan or God's Son.

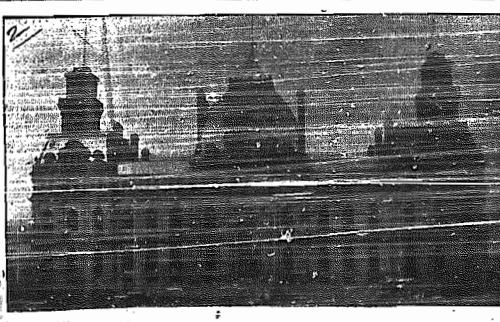
—A. J. McDougall, in *S. S. Times*.

Buoys Needed.

We noticed a strange-looking object bobbing up and down in the water, and was told that it was a buoy, which was placed there as a sign that shallow water was near, upon which ships would be stranded if they neglected to heed the warnings of this silent master. So, all along the Ocean of Life, some buoys are needed, lest believers be stranded where thousands are already perishing in the shallow waters of carnality, where the shipwrecks and fatalities and funerary and worldly fraternities abound. Every minister of the Gospel who compromises along these lines, and is being used of the devil to strand the ship in these shallow places, is accountable for the wreck which thus is caused.—M. W. Knapp.

A YOUNG COMRADE PROMOTED.

One of our dear young friends has left us for the Home where there is no night. Annie Morris, at the early age of 21, after a short illness, went to be with Jesus. She died in the States and was brought here to be laid beside her loved ones. While I was stationed here 11 years ago, Annie was a bright Junior Soldier, and used to spend and sing for Jesus. She lived a sweet life and has left an impression on her friends which cheers them in their sorrow. We pray that her death may be the spiritual life of many.—Ensign Wright, Chatham.



St. John, N.B., Custom House.

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

90 Hustlers.

Capt. McNamee, Ottawa	225	Lieut. Potter, Edmonton	25	Bro. Nixon, Rossland	25
Sergt. Mrs. Dudley, Ottawa	115	Ensign Taylor, Regina	25	Capt. Miller, Sheridan	25
Capt. Williams, St. Albans	105	Capt. Woodworth, Carberry	25	Cand. Stork, Sheridan	25
Cadet Hicks, St. Albans	105	Capt. Hurst, Rat Portage	25	Sister Curtis, Mt. Vernon	20
Mrs. Barber, Burlington	100	Sergt. M. Chapman, Winnipeg	25	Cadet Lauglin, Mt. Vernon	20
Capt. Connors, Belleville	100	Ensign E. Hayes, Brandon	25	Sister L. Cowle, Nanaimo	20
Sergt.-Major Perkins, Barre	100	Sergt. Reece, Neepawa	27		
Capt. Woods, Montreal I.	95	Lieut. Kreiger, Medicine Hat	27		
Capt. Downey, Montreal II.	85	Capt. Clegg, Jamestown	26		
Capt. Meege, Arnprior	85	Capt. Moreau, Lillooet	25		
Capt. Crego, Brockville	75	Ensign Dean, Grand Forks	25		
Sergt. Richard, Montreal IV.	75	Capt. Blodgett, Grand Forks	25		
Sergt.-Major Simons, Kingston	70	Lieut. Clarke, Virden	25		
Capt. Dawson, St. Johnsbury	70	Lieut. Bland, Bismarck	23		
Capt. Brown, Burlington	70	Sergt. Johnson, Winnipeg	22		
Capt. Randall, Renfrew	70	Lieut. Emberton, Emerson	22		
Lieut. Pitcher, Penobscot	70	Lieut. Hagen, Missoula	21		
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville	65	Sister A. Craft, Grand Forks	21		
Capt. Burtch, Cornwall	65	Mrs. St. John, Minnedosa	20		
Capt. St. John, Cornwall	65	Capt. Givens, Lillooet	20		
Capt. Owen, Gananogue	65	Capt. Hammontree, Larimore	20		
Capt. Burtch, Belleville	55	Lieut. Dryper, Larimore	20		
Capt. Burtch, Rockville	55	Cadet Hall, Rat Portage	20		
Ensign Keay, Quebec	52				
Ensign Ward, Kingston	51				
Sergt.-Major Mattice, Cornwall	50				
Capt. Crego, Odessa	50				
Capt. Banks, Newport	50				
Capt. Biess, Prescott	50				
Staff-Capt. Burditt, Peterboro	50				
Capt. Grose, Trenton	48				
Capt. Yule, Napanee	47				
Capt. Michiel, Kingston	47				
Sister Pearson, Montreal I.	45				
Bro. Shaver, Montreal I.	45				
Sister Labrot, Perth	43				
Mac. Cull, Brandon, Coburg	42				
Capt. Broder, Coburg	40				
Mother Wilson, Kemptville	39				
Capt. Huxtable, Quebec	40				
Lieut. Carter, Bloomfield	40				
Lieut. Cook, St. Johnsbury	39				
Bro. Jordan, St. Johnsbury (av. 2 wks)	39				
Lieut. Norman, Brighton	35				
Capt. Vance, Port Hope	35				
Capt. Patten, Peterboro	32				
Sister Brown, Montreal I.	32				
Capt. Yale, Kingston	30				
Capt. Yule, Rat Portage	30				
Lieut. Middle, Millbrook	29				
Sergt. Dine, Kingston	29				
Sergt. Barber, Kingston	25				
Capt. Bearell, Tweed	25				
Mark Spencey, Peterboro	25				
Bertha Rice, Peterboro	25				
Mrs. Stevenson, Peterboro	25				
Eusign Sims, Sherbrooke	25				
Mrs. Capt. Burrell, Tweed	25				
Bro. Phillips, B.C.	25				
Mrs. Capt. Green, Peterboro	25				
Sergt.-Major Proctor, St. Johnsbury	25				
Atk. Godwin, Montreal I.	25				
Sergt. Chapman, St. Johnsbury	25				
Sergt. Gray, Kemptville	194				
Ensign Pdg. Park	123				
Lieut. Ash, Prescott	123				
Capt. Flahy, Sunbury	123				
Mrs. Hippin, Montreal II	25				
Sergt. Cogh, Kingston	25				
Cand. Chintey, Kingston	25				
Sister Nicholson, Montreal I.	25				
Sister Smaan, Montreal I.	25				
Ensign Yen, Montreal III.	25				
Sergt. Merritt, St. Johnsbury	25				
Mrs. Green, Peterboro	25				
Bro. Newell, Barre	25				
Bro. King, Barre	25				
Bro. Whitehead, Barre	25				
Harry Wall, Barre	25				
Eusign Wall, Barre	25				
Sister Blassoarre	25				

NORTHEAST PROVINCE.

Hustlers.

Capt. Kennethmedosa	1	Capt. Kennethmedosa	1
Cadet Giles, anpig	1	Cadet Giles, anpig	1
Lieut. E. Cus, Winnipeg	1	Lieut. E. Cus, Winnipeg	1
Lieut. E. A. A., Jamestown	1	Lieut. E. A. A., Jamestown	1
Sister A. Foothango	1	Sister A. Foothango	1
Mrs. Adjt. Berrero	1	Mrs. Adjt. Berrero	1
Mrs. Capt. Wcott, Selkirk	1	Mrs. Capt. Wcott, Selkirk	1
Capt. Banson, Barre	1	Capt. Banson, Barre	1
Lieut. Russellhouse, Jay	1	Lieut. Russellhouse, Jay	1
Lieut. Forsherford, William	1	Lieut. Forsherford, William	1
Capt. Lloyd, Mc. Luke	1	Capt. Lloyd, Mc. Luke	1
Mrs. Heath, Sk	1	Mrs. Heath, Sk	1
Capt. Clarke, en	1	Capt. Clarke, en	1
Cadet McLeod, Albert	1	Cadet McLeod, Albert	1
Cadet Ferguson, Albert	1	Cadet Ferguson, Albert	1
Eusign Burton, Barre	1	Eusign Burton, Barre	1
Cadet Mcle, Mpeg	1	Cadet Mcle, Mpeg	1
Mrs. Kelley, Pa	1	Mrs. Kelley, Pa	1
Capt. Gandy, Upper	1	Capt. Gandy, Upper	1
Capt. Gandy, Portage	1	Capt. Gandy, Portage	1
Slater Gandy, Portage	1	Slater Gandy, Portage	1
Capt. Livingston, William	1	Capt. Livingston, William	1
Lieut. Cook, Bn	1	Lieut. Cook, Bn	1
Capt. Myers, Eton	1	Capt. Myers, Eton	1

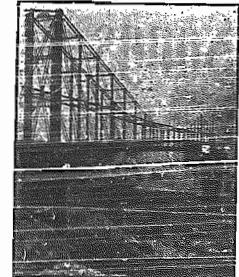
KLONDIKE EXPEDITION.

3 Hustlers.

Lieut. Aiken, Dawson City	294
Ensign Blots, Skagway	87
Sister Carnahan, Skagway	81

NEWFOUNDLAND PROVINCE.

Leander Smart, Tilt Cove	77
Sergt. Seward, Heart's Content	34
Capt. Moulton, Shear's Town	20



Railway Bridge over St. John River
Fairville, N.B.

be done, we know. Times of refreshment were enjoyed yesterday. None yielded fun to the claims of God. We raised their hands for prayer, but we expect, by the Spirit, to make them pray for themselves. Cor. 10:34.

ST. JOHNSBURY, VT.—H. F. once more is over. Our corps came out with flying colors. Our target was \$40. We smashed it all to pieces. Praise the Lord! The soldiers and friends worked hard to accomplish the same. Our champion collectors were outside friends. The unsavvy husband of one of our soldiers, Mr. J. Goodchild, Esq., and his wife, between collecting and selling ice cream and candy, got upwards of \$15. Their target was \$10. We are hoping soon to see him saved and made into a Blood-and-Fire Salvationist. Our second champion, a Methodist friend, Mr. Walter C. Hodliff, had a target of \$30. He is a hard worker in his church and in the Army. He is our snare-drummer. Third champion is Bro. O. Simpson, reaching his target of \$4. This brother is becoming quite a War Cry hustler. We have some real good soldiers and friends here in St. Johnsbury. We are getting on well. Saturday night one backslider returned home to God, after eight years wandering in sin.—S. M. D. C. E. M.

VANCOUVER, B. C.—This past week has been one of great blessing in many ways. To give the week a good send-off, our soldiers had sought pardon, and then on Wednesday night, we had the pleasure of having A. G. Johnson, one of the Klondike pioneers, lecture on "The Klondike" which was very interesting. He has served 11 years as a Salvation Army officer, and has at last come to the conclusion that two can fight better than one, so he is taking unto himself a—well, you will hear later what happened. Then on Friday night another of our comrades said good-bye to the corps and has gone out to fight in the field. May God bless him.

Songs for Saints and Sinners!

The Shepherd of Israel.

Tunes.—Thou Shepherd of Israel (B.J. 170, 3); Oh, speak (B.J. 202, 3); The realms of the blest (B.J. 32, 1); Rejoice in the Lord (B.J. 39, 2).

1 Thou Shepherd of Israel, and mine. The joy and desire of my heart, For closer communion I pine, I long to reside where Thou art. The pasture I languish to find, Where all who their Shepherd obey Are fed, on Thy bosom refined, And screened from the heat of the day.

Alt. show me that happiest place— The place of Thy people's abode, Where saints in an ecstasy gaze, And hang on a crucified God. Thy love for a sinner declare. Thy passion and death on the tree; My spirit to Calvary bear To suffer and triumph with Thee.

Tis there with the limbs of Thy flock, There only I covet to rest, To lie at the feet of the Rock. Or rise to be hid in The breast. Tis there I would always abide, And never a moment depart; Concealed in the cleft of Thy side, Eternally held in Thy heart.

Saved from Sin.

Tune.—Take all my sins away (B.R. 53).

2 O spotless Lamb, I come to Thee, No longer can I from Thee stay; Break every chain, now set me free, Take all my sins away!

Chorus.

Take all my sins away! Take all my sins away!

O spotless Lamb, I come to Thee— Take all my sins away!

My hungry soul cries out for Thee, Come and for ever seal my breast; To Thy dear arms at last I flee, There only can I rest.

Wenry I am of inbred sin, Oh, will Thou not my soul release? Enter and make me pure within, Give me Thy perfect peace.

I plunge beneath Thy precious Blood, My hand, in faith, takes hold of Thee; Thy promises just now I claim— Thou art enough for me.

The Mareebale.

The Call to War.

Tunes.—The Lion of Judah (B.B. 60, B.J. 86, 2); Fighting on (B.B. 23); Bonnie Dundee (S.); Stand like the brave (B.J. 241, 3).

3 God's trumpet is sounding, "To arms!" is the call, More warriors are wanted to help on the war; My King's in the battle, He's enlisting me, A Salvation Soldier for Jesus I'll be.

Chorus.

For the Lion of Judah shall break every chain, And give us the victory again and again.

(Another Chorus.)

Stand like the brave, Stand like the brave, Stand like the brave, With thy face to the foe.

On land and on water my colors I'll show, Through ten thousand battles with Jesus I'll go; In danger I'm certain He'll take care of me, His Blood-and-Fire Soldier for ever I'll be.

When foes persecute me I'll not be dismayed, Sin, death, hell and devils shall not make me afraid; From fearing and doubting I'm fully set free, A Salvation Soldier for ever I'll be.

I'll fight till the last with the Lord's sword and shield, And die if it an honor to die on the field.

In death and the grave there is victory for me, A Salvation Soldier in Glory I'll be.

The war will go on till the world is possessed, The Salvation Army Jehovah has blessed; More heroes of faith on the roll we shall see— The Salvation Army's the army for me.

Never Run Away.

Tune.—Never run away (B.B. 20, 2, B.J. 76, 1).

4 To save the world is our desire, For enemies we pray; We'll never tire, we'll stand the fire,

We'll never, never run away!

Chorus.

We're marching on to conquer all, Before we God the world shall find; We'll face the foe, to battle go, And never, never run away!

What, never run away? No, never run away!

We'll face the foe, to battle go,

And never, never run away!

Sin's greatest strongholds we'll attack, Our Captain we'll obey;

The foe shall yet be driven back,

We'll never, never run away!

With holy might the foe we'll smite, The monster Sin to slay; For God we'll fight, we know we're right,

We'll never, never run away!

Outward we'll march with flag unfurled, Jesus shall have the sway; Like Him Who died to save the world, We'll never, never run away!

Sinners Invited.

Tunes.—Hark, the voice (B.J. 51, 1); Helmsley (B.J. 147, 2); I love Jesus (B.J. 128, 3); Guide me, Great Jehovah (B.J. 121, 1).

5 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy, We're lost and wounded, sick and sore;

Jesus stands to save you, Full of pity, love and power;

He is able, He is willing, doubt no more.

Come, ye weary, heavy laden, Bruised and ruined by the Fall; If you tarry till you're better, You will never come at all.

Not the righteous— Sinners Jesus came to call.

Agonizing in the Garden, Lo! your Saviour prostrate lies!

On the bloody tree behind Him, Hear His voice before He dies:

"It is finished!"

Sinners, will not this suffice?

Hope for All.

Tunes.—Stand up, stand up for Jesus (B.J. 23, 2); Sweet rest in heaven (B.J. 174, 2); Missionary (B.J. 287, 2).

6 There's hope for every sinner in Jesus Christ, that Lord: There's pardon for the guilty—'tis promised in His Word:

So none need go despairing, Christ has salvation made; He met the claims of Justice, our sins were on Him laid.

Chorus.

(Repeat, last two lines.)

He loves the very vilest, He'll cleanse the most depraved; His Blood is never failing, for thousands it has saved.

Oh, why remain unpreserved and wander in sin,

When Calvary's stream is flowing and you may plunge therein?

Yes, even for backsliders there's welcome back to God.

There's healing and forgiveness in His name, Blood.

Oh, make another venture down at His footstool now.

His arms, His kiss will reach you, and He'll restore you now.

Lionel Kingston, Ensign.



To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe; befriend and, as far as possible, assist in their search and recovery. Address Commissioner Executive Booth, 16 Albert St., Toronto, and mark "Inquiry" on the envelope. Fifty cents should be sent, if possible, to defray expenses.

Officers, Soldiers and Friends are requested to look regularly through this column and to notify the Commissioner if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

(First insertion.)

BAXTER, JOHN, of Urries, Scotland. Druggist. Left England 39 years ago. Last heard of in Whitby, Ont. Will hear of something to his advantage from Donald Macdonald, banker. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

DONNINGTON, GEORGE. Age 42 years, height 5 ft. 6 in., grey eyes, fair face, medium build, freckles on complexion, scar on the back of his left hand. Last known address was Port Dalhousie. May have gone to Klondike. Sister enquires. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

LUKEY, REYNOLD, D.S. Wanted, information respecting an elderly gentleman, called (Reynold) Lukey. Reported owner of a gold mine or claim. Believed to have died 14 years ago, leaving a very large fortune in the gold mines of America. Had no wife or children. Any information respecting the above will be thankfully received by Commissioner E. C. Booth. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

WARD, RICHARD, English, height 5 ft. 8 in., dark complexion, left foot turns outward when walking, brown hair, grey eyes, 50 years of age. Has not been heard of for 20 years. In 1870 or 1880 he was at Haddington Road Sheep Station, New South Wales, Australia, cooking for the hut, and well-skinning for a Selector. News of interest awaits him. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

(2nd insertion.)

HARDCastle, WILIE. Age 29. Last heard of seven years ago in the Canadian Mounted Police, at Winnipeg. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

DRAPER, JAMES, Morris. Last known address, Ithaca, Canada. Sister, Mary Bonny, Ithaca.

CHRISTMAS, OLA. Age 23, fair hair, blue eyes. Last known address c/o Mrs. F. T. 35 Prospect St., Toronto. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

TYRMAN, LIZZ. Formerly lived in Buffalo. Age 27 years. Exceptionally tall, thin, hair and eyes.

SLENDER, K. Write Dolly, 40 Maple St., Winniford. All will be well. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

REED, WILLIE. About 5 ft. 9 in., in height, hair and thin. Blocklayer. Lived at Spokane. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

THE WAR OFFICIAL Gazette of the Salvation Army, printed and published by M. C. Horn, S.A. Printing House, 16 Albert Street, Toronto.